THE COMMONWEAL

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

WE WRITE at an earlier date than the one optimistically looked forward to on the cover of this magazine. Election morning has not yet arrived, and naturally we are not prophetically empowered to say which party will be throwing its hats into the air. After all it probably makes very little difference. Sooner or later public opinion accomplishes its ends; and we believe both candidates to be able to interpret and lead that opinion with integrity. The chief revelations made by the campaign, which has paraded some of the community's inmost secrets, are now evident and can be dealt with by any agency that believes in truth, or education, as an instrument of national development. It so happens that The Commonweal (which aspires to be such an agency) begins a new year with this issue. And when it pauses to survey the ground it now occupies, or to examine the tasks it wishes to accomplish, it is necessarily impressed by the fact that one of the purposes it originally sponsored has now become a matter of tremendous actual importance. Four years ago we said that the Calvert Associates, mindful of the example given in colonial Maryland, would work for the preservation of religious liberty in America. We declared that freedom to serve God was one of the best of our national inheritances, but what we really had in mind was the building up of greater cordiality between Catholics and their Christian fellow-men. The promotion of something like good manners in the domain of religious living seemed a worthy cause, and we thought that the majority of stupid old rancors had been buried and forgotten.

During the past weeks the whole country has witnessed a revival of prejudice, misinformation and plain bitterness which would have been termed incredible a year ago. The nomination for high office of a tried and respected public servant, upon whose personal character no honest attack has been made, sufficed to start vast dynamos of suspicion and fable. We are obliged to concede that in the eyes of millions being a Catholic disqualifies one as a presidential candidate. It has been proved that a campaign can be decided upon religious grounds, in so far as vast groups are concerned. These things are interesting, but some others are more startling. The Catholic Church has spent two thousand years in conserving the doctrine of Christ. It once saved Europe from complete ruin, even as it labored to build up an equitable civilization in primitive America. Owing to the impetus it has given, the round earth has been dotted with ecclesiastical edifices that are both community refuges and memorials of high art, with hospitals and homes for

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sufferers, with orphanages and places of blessed retreat. But if we are to credit the evidence furnished by recent events, all this noble pageant has made absolutely no impression upon tens of thousands. These think the Church a fair target for any loose chunk of abuse and calumny.

It is sufficiently obvious from history that the kingdom of Christ cannot be undermined with such poor dynamite. Persecution may force it into seclusion, misunderstanding can weaken its power over souls. Nevertheless it seems to drink new vitality from every fresh cup of disaster or hatred. We are likewise convinced that America is proof against the more drastic forms of intolerance. Law and precedent safeguard the primary rights of conscience, and the vast majority of citizens aspire to fairness of mind. But one owes to civilization the duty of realizing that the Catholic Church and the government of the United States happen to be more than chance associations of men. Both are "ideas" in the loftiest sense of the word. The one represents a conception of God's way with mankind which, however unwilling one may be to accept it, has a manifest religious and ethical grandeur. The other is the world's most serious effort to blend firm civic rule with democratic liberty. A right interpretation of each is therefore to be expected of those who claim to possess some understanding of the forces which constitute the modern world, and of the purposes which humanity is attempting to achieve. Most especially is it commendable that those who are either members of the Church, or citizens of the United States, should be clear in their minds.

How to dispel misunderstanding, and how to set forth the truth, regarding these two societies is a question which permits of differing answers. Pedagogy is constantly renewing itself, because men differ in successive ages or places. But one cannot well doubt, it seems to us, that accurate knowledge must figure somewhere in the process. You may expect a good deal from the effect of example, and hail the saint or the model citizen. Perhaps you like to believe that prayer is the best ally of church and state. Concede all this and the fact remains that men are made to ask questions and to be governed by the answers they hit upon. Some years ago people were demanding the name of him who caused the world war. By making "the kaiser" seem a plausible answer, the allies of France gained strength for the second victory of the Marne. Well, what reply is being made now to the question regarding the Catholic Church? Or the American government?

From the Catholic point of view, one is distressed not so much by the farcical ignorance of the Klan, as by the lack of firm knowledge in the faithful themselves. It is too much to expect of a Hoosier beangrower, fed on acres of stupid talk handed down from a seventeenth century when Europe was ablaze with politico-religious conflict, that he shall profess the virtues of a Church he has never seen. But we cannot deplore too deeply that the children of the household themselves stammer as they give answer. Even the old simplicity in reaffirming the adamantine declarations of the creed has been lost. Is it therefore surprising that what has been accomplished in this new land should be almost completely forgotten? The very terms of the testament made by our fathers are obscure; and Maryland itself is a sanctuary whose holiness no one recalls. Indeed the bigot seems frequently enough to take a greater interest in the tradition of the Faith than do the sons of light themselves, whose humility can be no excuse for muffling the apostolic voice.

We believe in giving answer, and in giving the right answer clearly. To be told that people will not listen simply means that one has not found the art of making them listen. Obviously the most partizan and venal of the wretches now engaged in falsifying history as well as holiness in order that a Catholic may not have access to the White House, have risen superior to Catholics in this respect. They retain a grip upon the minds of groups who, though they may be circumscribed spiritually by a hundred weaknesses and ignorances, are still our brethren and co-workers in the undertaking of American democracy. These may be influenced, though they can hardly be stirred, by amiable and condescending remarks by prominent sceptics to the effect that the "old Church" is not so bad after all. But it is always a sorry day when the apostolic outcry has been silenced, or when there ceases to be great joy over the imparting of faith to others.

Doing all in their power to dispel mistaken impressions, striving to give intelligent expression to the ideas which underlie belief, American Catholics will bear in mind that the spectacle of the Church is always the supreme argument for its divine character. And it is our deepest conviction that, in shadowing forth "the glory of the inward light," we shall also begin to approach more closely to the best purposes of American life. Christian living demands of all human faculties their noblest part—light and more light for the mind, holiness for each of the passions, serenity for the spirit that enters the peace of God. There is no barbarous restriction in this program. It has nothing to seek in force or diplomatic cunning, and everything to gain from charity. Nothing seems to us more plain than that living according to it would insure for the national life those eminent virtues which our fathers have most highly respected —tolerance (or generosity) that is never the same thing as spinelessness; a thirst for justice and for the remedying of pain; loyalty to the common understanding of social principle; and eagerness to advance, far beyond economic comfort and tariff schedules, toward greater benignity of existence. From all this back to the depths from which current fanatical slanders arise may seem a far way. But if we go on we shall prevail. It is the fate of man, half voluntarily and half unconsciously, to ride after hounds toward righteousness.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

SETTING a remarkably swift pace for the closing weeks of the campaign, rival speakers have made the most of such issues as came to the fore. Prohibition talk has died to a mere lull, owing to Republican strategy in tacitly accepting the strength of the dry vote without risking a spectacular gesture to offend the wets. On the topic of efficient financial administration of the government, Mr. Hoover scored a point over the Governor, whose shots were too scattered to be effective. Water power, however, found Mr. Smith riding to popular music and finding it easy to derive good sport from the tag about "state socialism" which his opponent had selected for the proper horrifying of New York. His stand here probably won its chief applause in the Middle-West, where the "switch" of Senator Norris practically completed the turn-over of La Follette Progressives to the Democratic host. It does not appear, however, that any of these "overt acts" are highly important deciding factors. The event depends, unless all signs are mistaken, upon less prominent currents of political feeling—old party loyalties, hopes of upsetting or defending the Eighteenth Amendment, religious affiliations, personalities, human nature.

INDEED the whole parade has been a display of banners holding aloft some variety of snobbishness. Rancors are, of course, not at all novel in politics. The earliest days of the nation were shadowy with a dozen kinds of violent prejudice, unjustifiable and stupid. Circumstances have brought about, however, the appearance of relatively new forms of caste feeling. Politics have never before emphasized so sharply the difference between non-political groups—churches, clubs and cabals. The lifted eyebrows which many have bestowed upon Mr. Smith call to mind the fine meditation on the name which is part of Mr. Chesterton's Heretics. Having been defied to get "any of his damned mysticism" out of such a commonplace human label, G. K. C. declared: "In the case of Smith, the name is so poetical that it would be an arduous and heroic matter for the man to live up to it. The name of Smith is the name of the one trade that even kings respected, it could claim half the glory of that arma virumque which all epics acclaimed. Even the village children feel that in some dim way the Smith is poetic, as the grocer and the cobbler are not poetic, when they feast on the dancing sparks and deafening blows in the cavern of that creative violence. The brute repose of nature, the passionate cunning of man, the strongest of earthly metals, the unconquerable iron subdued by its only conqueror, the wheel and the plowshare, the sword and the steam-hammer, the arraying of armies and the whole legend of arms, all these things are written, briefly indeed, but quite legibly, on the visiting-card of Mr. Smith. Yet our novelists call their hero, 'Aylmer Valence,' which means nothing, when it is in their power to give him this sacred name of Smith."

IF THE Democrats could have printed these wise reflections upon a million placards they might have stunted some part of the towering stature of the snobs. And though the name Hoover is more elusive—even as the man, it seems—the Republicans might have accomplished something of the same sort. Let us say that the Hoovers have been busy and sturdy men fastening rims upon innumerable barrels. Indifferent to the brusque alarums of combat and the collapse of puppet kings, they guarantee the integrity of a cask of wine, a hogshead of honey, a shipment of golden meal. Children learned from the brawny Hoovers the meaning of security and care, and after a season of plenty men blessed them at the laden board. The myriad golden abundances of the harvest, the nard of Samarkand and the salt of Austria, the provisioning of hosts and cities, the wizardry of houswives and the nourishment of sucklings, all these things are written, briefly indeed, but quite legibly, upon the visiting-card of Mr. Hoover. Between such family trees the people of America may choose, but in each they must see the lineage which their own ideals have always valued more highly than the thin blood of the Aylmer Valences or the turgid souls of boors.

CURRENT reports of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics show that there are but eighty-seven factory jobs for every hundred of five years ago, and that only a few industries—printing, automobile, auto tire, agricultural implement and pottery—hire more

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men than in 1923. In iron and steel, for instance, there are but eighty-five jobs to every hundred of five years ago; in tobacco, eighty-three; in lumber, eighty; in leather and shoes, eighty-five. Meanwhile wages have been practically stationary, the increase of four and one-half cents on the dollar per week being cancelled by a decrease of working hours. With the authority of a federal bureau behind these figures, they can hardly be described as extravagant or imaginary. They reveal an unemployment situation in this country of alarming proportions. A concentrated evil being comparatively easy to get at, the low average of employment would not be so threatening if, as many have been led to believe, it could be explained largely by the slump in food products and textiles. This analysis is no longer tenable, and if we have lost a comfortable illusion, we have at least the consolation of knowing what we are up against.

THE poor are always with us, but certain forms of charity appear with a sudden, almost spectacular appeal which cannot be refused. Coming to the United States from Porto Rico, Bishop Edwin Byrne is relating a story of disaster and heart-break that will not fail to arouse widespread generosity. The industrial and agricultural wealth of the island has been destroyed to an extent which had not been considered possible. Normally the loss of a crop imposes only temporary hardships, which the plenty of following years largely compensates for. But in Porto Rico's case the whole machinery of production has been maimed so radically that one is reminded of the battered regions of France. So far the American Red Cross has succeeded, by dint of heroic effort, in checking the spread of epidemics and in curtailing deaths from famine. But another privation—the loss of churches and religious establishments—must be borne until help comes from some other agency. The vast majority of Porto Ricans are Catholics, now without means or even any immediate hope of being able to acquire necessaries. Out of its plenty the Church in the United States can spare at least something to restore what the storm has torn to bits, in order that neither spiritual aid nor religious comfort may be lacking to millions of distraught souls.

SPEAKING to a convention of nurses in Brooklyn, Dr. Shirley Wynne ventured to pull a trigger in the direction of a very important target. Recent years have stressed the details of how to keep hale and hearty to an extent which occasionally makes one feel that all brows have been knit and every muscle tightened in the pursuit of disease. But, said Dr. Wynne, "we have been placing too much emphasis on selling the idea of public health and not enough on actually delivering the goods." Preventive medicine has not even been applied, in any thorough way, to the menace of tuberculosis. Contagions attendant upon industrial living are disregarded to an extent which makes one feel that contacts between physicians and the public are most desultory and haphazard. Maternity cases are handled with a lack of skill or care which makes the death rate higher in this country than in any other civilized land. It may well be that the average citizen has more acquaintance with physiological and hygienic facts than his ancestors could boast of; but facts indicate that this knowledge can operate neither as a substitute for professional attention nor as an argument for the efficiency of doctors themselves. Possibly the unwillingness of many to pay the high fees exacted by really competent physicians makes them rely upon their own amateur "knowledge" or upon the advice of mediocre practitioners, of whom there is an abundance. Community service has not yet attracted the high-grade doctor, and for this the community itself is largely to blame. It combines impossible burdens with slight rewards, hoping apparently that the newspapers will somehow create a millennium of enlightenment. The plain fact that preventable virulent diseases have not yet been curbed should rouse even the perennially careless to action.

GILBERT SELDES, making the point that "there has never been a boob class," and that "the superior class themselves exhibit all the deplorable qualities they ascribe exclusively to the boobs," writes an essay for the New York Herald Tribune which is worth at least passing mention. Its merit is not in the point which it makes—that is obvious enough—but in the entertaining evidence which he marshals to support it. "In the last fifteen years the civilized minority has undergone a hundred crazes, each one a parallel to the crazes of the less intellectual majority. A few years ago, 'baroque' was a term of contempt; today it has behind it the authority of at least one Sitwell and is becoming chic. In every case the superior man is training with the smaller company; but just as the boob would not dare to say he hated Velasquez or period furniture, the civilized minority covers with an uncomfortable laugh its discomfort at El Greco and dynamic chairs." There is just enough of this to prompt the thought that a complete catalogue might provide very pleasant reading for the winter ahead. How numerous and brief have been the preferences with which the self-proclaimed select have high-hatted their eager, but slow, brethren in the provinces! The artist remains fashionable only so long as he remains their exclusive property; so long, that is, as he remains unpopular. But the majority have a way of attempting to climb into the precious circle by adopting the best of its loves, whereupon the ritual of expulsion, "You can have him; we don't want him," is read, and Olympia remains inviolate. Conrad and Monet, among others, were treated thus within the range of shortest memory, and a cheerless commentary on the Sitwells whom Mr. Seldes mentions, and Mr. Pound and Mr. Eliot, may be that they have not yet suffered in like manner from their own conclusions.

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FITTING tribute to the memory of a great Jesuit missionary was paid at Oldtown, Maine, recently, in the dedication of a monument to Father Sebastian Râle, slain on the Kennebec in 1724. Perhaps the most interesting thing about the ceremony is that the monument was erected by Penobscot Indians, testifying to the devotion with which this tribe has remembered Father Râle for over two centuries. Other missionaries had a very hostile reception at the hands of the American savages, but apparently Father Râle's relations with them were always of the friendliest. He prepared a dictionary of the language of the Abenaki Confederacy, to which the Penobscots belonged, and some Indian prayers still in use among them are attributed to him. In turn they defended him on numerous occasions from the English, who were determined to drive him from Maine, and lost many men in the surprise attack on their village which resulted in the death of Father Râle. It must be remembered that all the early travelers to the northern seaboard testified to the superior character of the Abenaki tribes. They were not a numerous people, but they were very sturdy, loyal and receptive to benevolent teaching.

IT WAS not in the fatherly spirit of protecting home industries that the council of Green Bay, Wisconsin, recently recorded its opposition to the action of the Federal Prohibition Bureau in padlocking forty-eight of the city's soft-drink parlors. Motives social rather than economic prompted the worthy councilmen; witness the statement: "Green Bay is better off with the licensed saloon than it could be with the unlicensed beer flat or the speakeasy scattered throughout the city." In other words, open drinking can be controlled, at least by the police, and its abuses punished, whereas secret drinking leads only to disorder. Because Green Bay is a smallish city, prohibitionists generally will not be concerned over the council's resolution, but their opponents may say, as Prince Hal did on a famous occasion, "Wisdom cries out in the streets." For with the largest municipal centres admittedly wet in sentiment, it is the villages, towns and small cities that must eventually decide the fate of prohibition. Green Bay's vigorous example may serve to encourage others to venture out to meet the bandwagon, which, unless all signs fail, is already rumbling down the road.

SIMULTANEOUS with a report from the Department of Commerce covering air accidents for the first six months of 1928 comes an announcement that the War Department is experimenting with a parachute of sufficient strength and size to support the weight of an airplane and its passengers. It has already been successful in tests with heavy bombs used as weights, but much remains to be done before it is pronounced ready for the ultimate test of bringing a loaded plane safely to earth. The importance of hastening the work will be understood from an analysis of the Department of Commerce report. Of the 390 mishaps listed therein, fifty-five resulted from poor landings, four from fires in the air, forty-four at take-off, and ten while taxiing, making a total of 113 for the elimination of which only improvements in the construction of planes, better landing fields, and more skilful piloting can be suggested. But there remain 277 accidents, and it may be presumed that in all these cases personal accidents could have been avoided through the use of such a device as the army is now developing.

FREEDOM of the stage, lagging third in that triune principle which includes speech and the press, is threatened in Paris. Reports have it that prudish reactionaries, to the approximate number of a thousand, have organized to keep the theatres free of such plays as have only indecency as their reason for existence. They have no name, perhaps because their purpose is sufficiently distinctive to serve as identification. And if not, then the spirit behind it is certainly unusual enough. Briefly, the plan is to visit in a body such theatres as refuse to respect their wishes, purchase tickets in the regular manner, and once inside, raise such a tremendous clamor that the play will be unable to proceed. Not a very diplomatic method, but where diplomacy has failed, something of this sort is necessary. What will happen when the managers call on the municipal authority to quell the disturbance, anyone who has witnessed the Parisian police attempting to break up a forbidden parade will quickly guess. Walking sticks, so conveniently dictated by custom, will mix with batons, and shortly the ambulances will carry 200 passengers and an equal number of gendarmes to the nearest hospitals. Only time can tell whether the organization will have the courage to carry on after one-fifth of its membership has been temporarily disabled.

IS IT easy to write "like oneself"? The Saturday Review recently asked this question editorially and opined that, since the self "is protean, a contradictory puzzle," the matter of giving literary expression to it must be considered rather difficult. Some men can indite pot-boilers with one hand and poetic dramas with the other. We have known people to write like Mr. Herbert Kaufman (whom recent advertising called all kinds of a genius) and at least remotely like Miss Millay. But there is one way in which the vast reaches of current American writing seem far less true to "self" than is customary in other parts of the world. François Mauriac recently hinted that the outstanding intellectual virtue of the time is "honesty toward oneself"—a readiness to scrutinize even the abysses out of which conduct rises to bloom like a rose or a trillium, and a willingness to imitate at least the pose of the publican. It seems to us—though we may be wrong—that there never was so much cocksure self-admiration abroad in the land as is manifested

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in current letters. The number of those who have long since known all things has spread from the sophomore family (which used to have something like a monopoly) back down to the grads of '89. Even a novel designed to be popular, which we read the other night, gave the impression that, owing to diverse correspondence courses, the author had been groomed into a pricelessly judicious critic of all the religions, philosophies, literatures and sciences that have been accumulated by humanity. Hegel is described as a man with an omnivorous intellectual ambition. By comparison, the world appears to be filled with super-Hegels expanded by pressure from within to something corresponding to the Graf Zeppelin, empowered by a proper choice of grandfathers to force upon the universe even the benefit of their doubts.

TO THE SWIFT

ONE has missed, during these past two months, the canny maneuvers of the old-time electioneers. They were a hardy race, and had to be, for it was often upon their powers of physical endurance that the political choice of a county depended. Their program began with the sun, and ended with any hour after midnight; between breakfast and bed were a succession of buckboard rides over roads that were sometimes frozen ruts and sometimes sloughs of mud, a score of stops to visit influential farmers, and at night a rally in some town hall where the men nearest the stove were in their flannel shirtsleeves, and those in the corners of the room wore their sheepskins and fur caps, only pushing the latter a little above their ears. One smoked prodigiously, and polished many a brass rail, and called it luck if a good place to sleep turned up, for over those roads broken axles were not uncommon. The reward, beyond a few dollars and perhaps a job as election judge, was that for the time being one occupied the centre of a picture; represented, in absentia, the person of the great legendary man one worked for; was lifted up beyond the common lot and enjoyed some of the glamour of authority and fame.

But the victory is no longer to the strong, and this is true of other things as well as politics. Speed instead of beef is the shrine to which we offer incense; and the strong man has come to be linked with the beautiful lady as admirable but dumb. Now the objection to a system depending upon speed is that it submerges the individual in the machine. In sport, for instance, one hears less and less of Jones, the great full-back of Walla Walla, but more and more of hurricanes, avalanches and various other catastrophes, all referring to irresistible combinations of eleven men who function as one. Or consider the fate of General Clarence Horace Montgomerie y Agramonte, ninety-eight-year-old veteran of five wars including the Crimean, who recently announced his intention of adopting the airplane as his means of travel. In 1862, the General made many ascensions in captive balloons as a military observer for the Union army. Imagine what thoughts he inspired when going aloft, and what a real superiority was his; exalted being, one of a few elect spirits, so much more than a man, if somewhat less than a god. But now! His airplane experience attracts little attention; only his advanced age entitles him to any publicity at all. And he himself seems to recognize the change, for on climbing into a seat for his first flight, he shouted, "Hip, hip, hooray!" Sixty-six years ago the General would have saved his voice, and the shouting been done by those he left behind.

Now what has happened to the electioneering business is this: it has been speeded up, and in the change has lost something of quality and of dignity. It has been placed under the easy control of a few men in each state, who have not been able to eliminate chances for blunder on the part of their subordinates without doing away with opportunities for triumphs of individual achievement. It no longer asks for men able to endure all sorts of treacherous autumn weather, and to stand up under countless strong cigars, consumed at a rate of one to every three glasses of ale. What it does demand is the hustler who can persuade the use of enough automobiles to take all the favorably opinionated ladies to the polls on election day. Getting out the friendly vote has been found to be at least as important as converting enemy partisans to your way of thinking. And this latter work is being taken care of so well by national radio hook-ups that the rôle of the county orator is becoming confined almost exclusively to terse introductions of the candidates for town and county offices. Rallies for this purpose are confined to the closing weeks of the campaign, since good roads and the automobile have made it possible to speak in a dozen farming centres within the limits of a single evening. Schedules are easily followed, the possibility of interference having been reduced to the minimum, and the entire campaign is begun, carried on and finished with eight-cylinder smoothness. Perhaps the best indication of the new order of things is that the electioneer has now come to be denominated an "organizer." His problem is to "organize" the vote.

What small exhilaration is still in the work derives from being slightly closer to the business of election than the ordinary citizen. After all, the people are voting, and it is some fun to have even a mechanical hand in preparing them for it, and then to hang about the polls on election day, and at night to sit in the office of the county clerk while the reports come in. The messengers arrive. "Town of Morrison, first precinct," and everyone leans forward, taking his feet off the table in order to do so. Chairs scrape, papers rustle, and then expectant silence. The tense, exciting moments of election night—let no further dehumanizing of the process of vote-getting take them from us!

But for the most part, the glamour of electioneer-

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ing is gone. The electioneer himself is one with the 250-pound full-backs of the past, who could not run a hundred yards in less than thirty seconds, but who could play football from the kick-off to the final whistle with no abatement of vigor, and who wept manly tears of indignation when substitutes were offered. Nothing can be done about it, more's the pity, but nothing shall prevent us, here and now, from paying a fond farewell to those great gentlemen who charmed a bygone day.

THE LAIR OF MARS

SEEING that the United States will certainly be invited to resume the discussion of cruisers and dreadnoughts which was abruptly broken off last year, it is worth while reviewing the evidence regarding the actual habitat of Mars. Years ago he was supposed to reside "out there" somewhere, and to pay frequent visits to the offices of foreign statesmen. Regularly described as a near relative of "autocrats," he nevertheless displayed a curious ability to attach himself to democracies. Later on he was seen perched on the mouth of cannon, or cunningly disguised inside a dirigible. In other words, armament appeared to be what he draped round about his person; and (so it was said) if you could once get rid of that, you would expose him coverless to the freezing air and the pitiless light of public execration. Now it would seem that this description of his residence is not altogether accurate. Having come a little closer to the lair of Mars, one finds its dimensions to be truly astonishing.

We have begun to speak of the "potential" of war. This, according to the German political writer, Herr von Gerlach, may be described as follows. "It means that troops and weapons at their disposal are far from constituting the war materials at the disposal of a state. It means that what counts most is less that which exists, from a military point of view, than that which may rapidly be produced—not so much the armament as the potentiality to arm. Applied to the case of Germany, all this means: the Reich has as an army a mere handful of 100,000 men, and no tanks, heavy artillery, airships, et cetera. But it has many millions of men who have received military instruction. Its industrial organization is of the first order and (so it is said) could be transformed immediately from a basis of peace-time production to a basis of war-time production. Its air fleet, though equipped only for peaceful commerce, is large and might easily be put in shape for combat. Moreover, Germany possesses a number of associations which have been given military training, and an incomparable aptitude for organization. It follows, therefore, that the 60,000,000 people of the Reich must be regarded constantly as a menace by the 40,000,000 people of France."

Though this is, for obvious reasons, a better description of Mars's home than any hitherto offered, it comes close to affirming that he is omnipresent. To "disarm" a people of military "potential" would be very nearly depriving it of existence. Most contemporary proposals do not, however, go this far. Two main forms of action are suggested, and perhaps the act of choosing between them is a major contemporary political function. The first is to capitalize the moral energy of the world. Mars and the bills which must be paid for his sustenance are entered into one side of the ledger; on the other side is inscribed the nation's honor. This division of the two is a great advance, because formerly Mars was listed as honor's bodyguard and private secretary. Proceed now to say that this same honor has discovered the perfidy of the one-time favorite, that it binds itself by treaty obligations and international agreements to keep him in hiding, and you may gradually make the breach irreparable. Of great advantage will be every step taken to rob him of equipment—that is, to disarm.

This view has prompted most recent discussion of how to attain peace. But it is, as yet, by no means clear as to how the "potential" of Mars has been affected. There also exists the suspicion that, in some cases, the division between honor and its bloody defender is not so complete as general security requires. If one reads a realistic French writer like Saint-Brice, one concludes that the race of Marshal Foch has trusted other people's declarations on the subject with far too childlike a confidence. Turn to a German like Count von Bernstorff and you see that the French are accused of lacking "good faith." All these differences and difficulties are, we profoundly hope, passing phases. Certainly the United States, strong in her economic position, announces an opposition to war in terms which nobody suspects of dishonesty.

Nevertheless Primo de Rivera, speaking for a nation of many uniforms but little military prowess, has recently suggested the second form. This, one need hardly add, is familiar to those who have read even a very little of recent international history. Here are the dictator's words: "I have no faith in disarmament talk, because it gives rise to dissimulations and does not prevent anyone from having at any moment the force and the material—so easily manufactured now—necessary to carry on war. Neither do I believe in agreements, because these are temporary in duration and not proof against floods of passion which can so easily be let loose. Unfortunately peace cannot be conserved excepting by force; and that is why we must create a universal force, obliged by law to obey the mandates of a supreme tribunal and of an independent general staff, and equipped to use every weapon known to science."

Who knows but that the world will some day come to concede the rightness of this declaration? To us of the present it still seems a little outlandish and menacing—this vision of a supra-national arbiter. But our children may find that the most effective way to dispose of Mars is to set him watching over himself.

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IN MEMORIAM: THOMAS WALSH

A SECOND irreparable personal loss suffered within the span of a few weeks has unified all members of The Commonweal family in sorrow and hope. The death of Dr. Thomas Walsh at his home in Brooklyn, New York, on the morning of October 29, following the passing of Henry Longan Stuart, removes the earliest associate editor of our magazine and ends a career prodigal of friendly service. He had been in perilous health for many years, so that the sudden finis was not altogether unexpected even though it was bewildering. To us, however, the news means a swift darkening of an intellectual light rich with the manifold colors of wide experience, and of a tonic geniality which helped all, as nothing else could have, to tide over dark hours of struggle and experiment.

Thomas Walsh was first of all a poet. We believe that some stanzas he wrote will keep his memory green long after any wreath we may place on his grave will have crumbled; but the man himself was more lyric than his writings, and as loyal to the angels of vision as any song has been. Born on October 14, 1875, in a Brooklyn which was then a tranquil residential town proud of a literary coterie all its own, Walsh grew naturally into a life of devotion to literature which the classical education received at old Georgetown fostered as one kind of ideal. To the end he retained an affection for this college which went far beyond the usual alumnus attachment. For him graduation had meant something like initiation into a caste—the group of scholars whom a recent French writer, Julien Benda, has defined as the "clerks." This imposed obligations to truth, culture, community life and the Catholic faith. In reward it conferred honors which were all the more precious for being invisible. Few men thought so much of the Church in terms of an aristocracy, because few have studied its achievements more closely or piously.

After further years of study at Columbia University and extended periods of travel abroad, Thomas Walsh began to appear as a scholarly critic and a poet. Most of the religious periodicals of the time published things he had written, and his effort to contribute to the general press was consistent and successful. Four volumes of collected verse—The Prison Ships, The Pilgrim Kings, Gardens Overseas, Don Folquet—contain the best of his work as a poet. They have, it seems to us, not yet been understood. Walsh was probably not a great lyric artist, in the sense so frequently suggested as "Celtic" by those who start to reason from Tom Moore. He possessed, however, an extraordinary realization of the fantastic—the interweaving of lights and shadows, of the moods of humor and pain, of drama and stillness. The best virtues of his style were subtlety and complexity rather than simplicity or laconic phrasing. Oddly enough the same could be said, if one may credit literary historians, of the genuine Celtic bards who, during centuries, made Ireland the home of civilization.

To this last reality, which he always saw unified with the Catholic faith operative in the world, Thomas Walsh devoted a great share of his life. He had come to know and love Spain at a time when few Americans thought of it excepting as a country whose navy had been badly trounced by Admiral Dewey. The glorious poets, Fray Luis de Leon and Saint Teresa, absorbed him as if they were contemporaries; and he relished the shadowy magnificences of old towns, Toledo and Saragossa, as men love masterpieces that reveal the meaning of life. These experiences he enshrined in scholarly essays which remain for the most part unpublished, and in a vast quantity of translations. His Hispanic Anthology remains the standard work of its kind, and not a little of its quality is due to his own renderings of neglected odes. The title indicates also Walsh's familiarity with South America, where he traveled widely and made many friends. A more recent publication, The Catholic Anthology, incorporates some of this fervor and adds, of course, much more from the universal treasure of Catholic song. He was a kind of "ambassador of culture," rounding out from the standpoint of his own communion the work of Longfellow, Ticknor and Norton. He was also passionately American, believing that creative opportunity more than compensated for the absence of a finished culture.

Such is the record of a career which deserves as well as any other to be termed representative of the American Catholic man of letters. To Thomas Walsh the founding of The Commonweal signified far less a personal opportunity than it did the first step toward realizing a plan which had haunted the era of his youth, at least in so far as that was literary or artistic, to express in a new world the richness of Catholic culture. We are proud of his work here, and we mourn as deeply as we can the fact that it is now ended. But over and above all such considerations is our recollection of a man who was always the truest and most just of friends. It is humbling to think, at present, of the magnificent cheerfulness with which he fought down during these last twelve years every thought of death constantly impending and always likely to swoop low, in order that others might be more grateful for the opportunity to live and do. It is consoling to remember that in him there were unified a passionate loyalty to the bliss and nobility of faith, and a rare thirst for all the loveliness, whether classic or grotesquely human, which hovers over everything to which the Lord hath set His hand. We pray that for him all the poet's loftiest visions may now be crowned with everlasting realization. The life of Thomas Walsh has gone out with the tide of the Church's prayer for the peace of every soul; and we shall ask that upon those wide waters there be set a pleasant light especially for him.

G. N. S.

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THE CAMPAIGN CLOSES

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

THE greatest campaign in the memory of this generation has ended. By the time this article is on the news-stands it will be history. There have been hot campaigns, such as that of 1912, but no such great campaigns as this except 1860, 1828 and 1800. The two last named were revolutions; in 1800 we turned our backs on the old world and our old-world habits of thought for good and all, and in 1828 we ended the rule of the few and decided that this should be a government not only of the people, not only even for the people, but a government by the people. In 1860 we brought on a war.

If it turns out that Smith is defeated, and yet has carried some states that no other Democrat could have carried, he will of course be renominated in 1932, if only for that reason; and the campaign of 1932 will be a far greater one than this. Because by that time the Ku Klux powder will be largely burned, and burned powder cannot be so effective; so that the real issue between the new Jacksonians and the new Hamiltonians will not be obscured. We have been living in dull days, such as those in which Harding and Cox, or Coolidge and Davis fought unremembered battles that did not even seem lively at the time; now we are living in great days, as did those who followed the plumes of Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Adams and Webster, until the battle was over and the people ruled and never have stopped ruling.

The people, it is true, did not fight the battle of 1928 on that issue, though Smith wished them to, and Hoover—though he would not have phrased it in that way—had the same wish. They fought the campaign out over an issue which seemed extraneous to both Smith and Hoover, and which cannot be the issue of 1932; you cannot burn that powder again. They fought the campaign on the issue whether the one-fifth of the population who are called Roman Catholics shall remain a subject class, suffered to go to their temples of idolatry and perform their mystical incantations under the name of "worship" as often as they please, but debarred from any share in the government they support with their blood and money. That was what Bryan used to call "the paramount issue" with the people, though many in both parties denied it.

That was the explanation of the unprecedented registration, the country over. No such sight was ever seen as the desperate expedients invented in New York City, for example, to accommodate the avalanche of unexpected and unprecedented voters whom the registration warned the Board of Elections to prepare for. In Queens County the Republican candidate for borough president was frantically calling on the Governor to summon a special session of the legislature to devise some method for keeping the polling places from being swamped.

Hitherto the complaint has been that the voter was apathetic, that you could not get him out; there have actually been silly proposals to fine him, or imprison him, or do something sinister to him, if he didn't go to the polls and mark an unmeaning ballot for somebody in whom he had no earthly interest. Now, unexpectedly, the problem is how to enlarge the voting district, or split it up into halves and thirds, or do something, anything, to cope with the inundation of surging voters, many of whom never voted before in all their lives.

Week after week, day after day, all the great newspapers sent throughout the country, state by state, veteran political students, with no orders except to find out what the people were talking about and how each state was likely to go. These men represented Republican and Democratic newspapers, and had no interest but the truth. And every day of the campaign, from the beginning of their several journeys to their return, they invariably, monotonously, kept on reporting that the people were talking about "religion"—that is, the issue of whether the Catholics shall be a subject though tolerated class—and that the various states would go Republican or Democratic on that issue. Some of them were such inveterate Republicans, so furiously partizan, that their judgment was misled into thinking that the South would go Republican; but, on the one matter of what the people were voting about, even these misguided writers reported exactly what their more level-headed colleagues did. "Religion will decide in this state"—the phrase had become such a stock one by the middle of October that the visiting correspondents must have itched for a different wording; but as I write, on the eve of November, they are still doggedly repeating it in each new state, day by day, because they have to—they go there to tell the truth.

It did not need Assistant Attorney-General Willebrandt to urge the Methodist preachers to work against Smith. They knew their task already; it was a waste of words, and brought on her more obloquy than the case warranted. If the Methodist preachers had one and all kept silent, the work would still have been done. It would have been done from cross-roads to hamlet. There were days in persecuted Scotland when the faithful could hardly find a minister to tell them the harsh word they called the word of God; no matter, they told it to each other, and when the fated archbishop was seen driving over their hills, they called to each other that the Lord had delivered the man of blood into their hands, and killed him—without a minister, without a church, without anything

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but the guidings of their own minds. In America, in 1928, they needed no Willebrandts, no Heflins; they did not need even the Fellowship Forum or the New Menace, except to stiffen the backbone of some weakening brother.

I have spoken of the cross-roads and the hamlet; but do not think the prejudice was rural. The same words were spoken and believed on Park Avenue, in the Back Bay, on Lincoln Boulevard; and from the homes of "culture" and "education" poured forth hosts of women who had always repelled the dirty ballot from their dainty fingers, to go just this once into the sweaty pell-mell they imagined a polling place to be, so that they could do a patriot's duty in 1928 and keep the fell Pope back in his den in Rome and save pure America from his contaminating touch.

This, the great issue of the campaign, Smith grappled with in September, in his Oklahoma City speech; and high was the alarm in Democratic breasts, high the discontent in Republican hearts. He had spoken the unspeakable, mentioned the unmentionable; he had dragged the "religious" issue into the open. (What it has to do with "religion," this desire to proscribe politically twenty million Americans who are supposed to be members of a secret society ruled by a European prince, I know no more than why the craze, a century ago, against the Masons, suspected of the same odd crime, might have been called "religious"; it was the mere luck of Masonry that the senseless word was not affixed to that persecution.) But, after Smith in his usual frank and direct fashion had dragged the underground serpent into the light, it continued to be discussed; it was everywhere admitted that, though it ought not to be an issue, it was. And sorely did this annoy Hoover, who has no more use for bigotry than any other fair-minded man, and who in addition is invariably annoyed when any movement he has planned out takes a direction swerving a hair's-breadth from the original Hoover specifications.

But, though Smith thus made bigotry—not intolerance, the two are widely different—discussable in the open, there was another thing that worked him immense harm which he did not, and could not very well, force into the light. Little attention has been paid to it; yet it cost Smith more votes than anything else except the belief that a malign old monarch in Rome tells him what to think about the tariff. It is what the New York World—almost the only mind to think of it at all, and the World did not rank it very high among the immensely important vote-making influences—calls "snobbery."

Why this was not recognized for the tremendously potent thing it was I cannot understand even yet; for it was impossible to go a day's journey without running into it many times. One of the omens of this unprecedented election is the immense number of women who are turning out, many of them women who never voted and never expected to vote. One of their motives is to keep the dreadful Pope from moving the Vatican to Pennsylvania Avenue, but another, humorous as it may seem—and it is not humorous at all—is to keep those dreadful people, the Smiths, out of the White House.

Out of the White House. The White House, where President Taylor's wife smoked her corn-cob pipe; where the Jacksons moved from the rough Indian country, the Lincolns from unkempt Sangamon; where it was alleged Harrison would set up a log cabin and Grant puff cigar smoke in the faces of ladies at state receptions. The White House must be saved —again. Sixty-eight years ago it was a potent argument—"Think of it, my dear! the *Lincolns* in the White House!" It could not beat Lincoln, because the Democratic party was running two tickets against him instead of one. Nothing could have beaten him; but as it was, he was in a minority of nearly a million on the popular vote.

I do not suppose my experience differs from that of other average men; and after hearing this, day in and day out, I do believe that hundreds of thousands of votes are being cast against Smith—not for Hoover, nobody is thinking about Hoover either kindly or unkindly—to keep those dreadful Smiths out of the sacred White House. And the odd thing is that really the Smiths are very nice people. There is nothing the matter with them except that Mr. Smith says "raddio" and leaves off the final "g" when he says "going"—as most university graduates do, except when they stop to think.

In the last fortnight of the campaign Smith succeeded in crashing the Republican battle-line and forcing a change of tactics. As I have repeatedly said, the Republican—that is, the Hoover, for he dictates all—strategy was to stand mute behind a solid normal majority of 4,000,000 votes. Stand mute, except to talk about the "prosperity issue," which is the same thing; for what is the "prosperity issue"? It means only, "Don't turn us out, or your bank account will shrink." That is obviously an eternal issue, if it is one at all; what it means is, "You must never turn us out, either now or 500 years hence." For the issue is just as unanswerable in 2028 or 2128 as in 1928. This was the strategy Hoover resolved upon.

At last Smith shattered it in one place. Hoover so far departed from his tactics as to say something. He said it in New York; he said that Smith's farm relief and water power program was "state socialism." Immediately Senator Norris declared for Smith, after keeping silent all through the campaign, and the whole northwestern Republican tier of states began to shake. Further, though Hoover resolved to talk no more, he did direct his army of speakers to pound away at that "state socialism" idea, and they at once began to do it. It means the possible loss of the whole Northwest, but Hoover, once he is angry, is no coward; and now he is a far more respectable figure than at any time since June; in these closing days he is the real Hoover, Hoover himself.

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THE DOCUMENTS OF INTOLERANCE

By VICTOR SHORT

THE following condensed record of news events, compiled from reputable daily newspapers, despatches of the Associated Press and from periodicals representing various Protestant denominations, together with facts amassed by The Commonweal directly, will throw some light on the question of just who did inject the issue of religion into the current national political campaign.

This record is far, indeed, from being complete, but even the most casual perusal of the unvarnished, textually accurate summation seems to present a most striking confirmation of the statements of such eminent Protestant Americans as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, Dr. Henry van Dyke, the well-known Presbyterian divine, and Raymond B. Fosdick, a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation for Education, calling attention to "the present wave of intolerance" in the United States.

The Commonweal, while not assuming responsibility for the correctness of each direct quotation, is prepared to vouch for the authenticity of the statements attributed to their various sources, as quoted.

Arranged, as far as possible, in chronological order, the summation follows: On April 23, 1927, following publication of the Charles Marshall letter to Governor Smith in the April, 1927, Atlantic, the Living Church, of Milwaukee, expressed sentiments typical of the reaction of certain Protestant journals to Mr. Marshall's pronouncements:

> The Governor believes in "absolute separation of church and state" and he says, "I recognize no power in the institutions of my Church to interfere with the operation of the constitution."
>
> "Power" is an ambiguous word in this connection. That the temporal power of the Papacy is wholly gone is a matter of common knowledge. But that the Roman Catholic Church maintains a continuous protest against the fact is equally notorious. . . . We could feel greater assurance as to his own position . . . if he had felt at liberty to use the word right instead of power.

On August 18, 1927, fearful even of a so-called "dry" candidate, if he be a Catholic, the Methodist Christian Advocate (New York) opined of Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana:

> He is honest, fearless and capable . . . a Roman Catholic of the best type. . . . It has been expressed among his closest political associates that if Mr. Walsh were elected to the Presidency he would not allow the Pope to dictate his program . . . but he would doubtless be unknowingly influenced in his acts by the organized forces of Romanism at work in Washington.

There is, naturally, a gap between the period of the Marshall episode and the actual opening of the campaign. The record then continues:

On July 13, 1928, taking an editorial stand, the Wesleyan Christian Advocate, of Atlanta, stated:

> Governor Smith has a constitutional right to run for President, even though a Catholic. This we confess. And we have a constitutional right to vote against him because he is a Catholic. This we assert. . . . We are strongly persuaded that Catholicism is a degenerate type of Christianity which ought everywhere to be displaced with a pure type of Christianity.

On July 19, 1928, at Thomasville, Georgia, the Reverend T. F. Calloway (Baptist Christian Index) expressed fear of Smith

> because we are afraid of the political purposes of the hierarchy to which he owes his religious affiliation. We know that the Catholic Church is as much a political party as it is a religious body.

On July 26, 1928, the Reverend W. Y. Henderson, writing in the Baptist Courier, South Carolina, said:

> The objection to a Roman Catholic becoming President is not based on the fact that he believes a few drops of holy water will wash away human sin, nor because he believes his children who die in their infancy without having received the sacrament of baptism go to a place of eternal damnation. . . . No Catholic shall be denied the right to engage in any practice that is purely religious. . . . But when a man swears allegiance to a foreign sovereign and grants him the place of "primacy, not only of honor, but of jurisdiction" then he has gone beyond the pale of religious faith. . . .

On July 26, 1928, four bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South issued a signed statement from Richmond, Virginia, affirming their intention to wage a militant fight against Smith on the grounds of his prohibition policy. They were Bishops Edward Mouzan of Charlotte, North Carolina; John W. Moore, of Dallas, Texas; Horace Du Bose of Nashville, Tennessee, and James Cannon, jr., of Richmond, Virginia.

This, and a previous announcement of opposition to the Democratic candidate by Bishop Cannon and Dr. A. J. Barton of the Southern Baptist Church, brought forth a repudiation from Bishop Warren A. Candler, senior bishop of the southern Methodists. "Our church is strictly a religious and in no wise a political body," Dr. Candler informed his colleagues, quoting authoritative pronouncements dating back as far as 1865.

On July 26, 1928, in bold-face type, the Christian Index (Baptist) of Atlanta, thus admonished its readers:

> It is said that Raskob is slated for the office of Secretary of the Treasury in the Smith administration, and will have charge of prohibition enforcement. The gang

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is going ahead with the distribution of the principal Cabinet offices as if the election already were an assured fact. In the minds of these men nothing can stop it. They have the money to do it with and there is nothing under heaven that can prevent it. From now on it's to be Rum, Romanism and Motors. Unless America wakes up these precious triplets will run the White House commencing March 4, 1929.

On August 7, 1928, editorially, the Christian Register, Boston, called attention to the fact that

> The first large Protestant church to vote against the idea of a Roman Catholic for President was the Southern Baptist Convention, which represents nearly four millions of people. By a unanimous record they warned the Democratic party against Governor Alfred E. Smith, on religious grounds. The great Methodist Church has thus far spoken loudly about Governor Smith's wetness, and the die cast against him by the Methodists on that account is doubtless sincere, but it is not more than one-half the real reason for their determination. The other half is religion. That will be manifest in a few days after his nomination, if it should come.
>
> Before a large Lutheran gathering in New York last week, Dr. Charles L. Fry, who speaks in a highly representative way for several millions of co-churchmen because he is an eminent Lutheran official and most deeply respected, was trenchant on the subject.
>
> "Shall we have a man in the White House who acknowledges allegiance to the Autocrat on the Tiber, who hates democracy, public schools, Protestant parsonages, individual right, and everything that is essential to independence? [said Dr. Fry] The American voter for the first time is faced with that question, and in answering it we must fight a second war for independence and emancipation. Of course, if Smith is nominated for President, I believe all Lutherans will vote against him and support Herbert Hoover or another Republican candidate."
>
> In our opinion, the Protestant church-mind will be saying in unison: "Why should we take any chances?" We believe that saying will prevail.

On August 16, 1928, from Charlottesville, Virginia, the Associated Press, whose by-laws strictly forbid taking sides in politics or religion, carried a news despatch stating:

> During a heated debate on the religious issue in politics, the staid forum of the University of Virginia Institute of Public Affairs was converted into a turmoil when the Reverend Albert C. Dieffenbach, Boston, editor of the Christian Register and a prominent Unitarian minister, declared that a Roman Catholic should not be elected President of the United States.

This brought forth an unqualified denial from Dr. Dieffenbach. Clarifying his views, Dr. Dieffenbach in the Springfield News, said:

> The statement that I made was that the people in great numbers have faced the question of church and state. They have a right to do so. To call them intolerant for doing so is itself a species of intolerance. The people did not raise the issue, and I did not raise the issue. The Roman Catholic doctrine on church and state is clearly set forth in the volume entitled The State and the Church by Father John A. Ryan. There the issue was raised by a leader of the Church. I respectfully call the attention of the people to the conclusions in that book. It is approved with the imprimatur of the Church. Is it the American doctrine?

Further to clarify the situation, the Unitarian Ministerial Association, meeting at Deerfield, Massachusetts, adopted resolutions declaring:

> No candidate for public office within the gift of the American people should ever be regarded as disqualified for such office by reason of his particular form of religious belief.

On August 16, 1928, in the course of an editorial, the Methodist Christian Advocate (New York) remarked:

> The fact that Smith is a Catholic is rarely mentioned—and then not in whispers but in a frankly expressed doubt as to the wisdom of entrusting the chief magistry, with all its delicate international relations, to a man whose religion, which should be a matter concerning only himself and his God, unfortunately cannot be wholly isolated from the arrogant political theory of the Roman Church.

On August 30, 1928, the Western Recorder, published by the Baptist State Board of Missions for Kentucky, at Louisville, reprinted from the Baptist Advance an editorial headed A Roman Catholic Throne in the White House, which after reviewing an account of Governor Smith kneeling and kissing the episcopal ring of Cardinal Bonzano, continues in the following strain:

> How would you like to have a thing like that staged in the White House or the Capitol at Washington, D. C.? If Al Smith had been President at the time, he would have knelt before the papal legate and kissed his ring as he sat under a canopy of stars and stripes mingled with the emblems of the Pope's temporal power. And if Al Smith should be elected President and the occasion should arise, such a performance would yet be pulled off in Washington.

In September, 1928, in an editorial headed The Reformation Festival This Year, the American Lutheran, monthly, New York, after referring to its fears of "temporal power" of the Catholic Church, said:

> . . . The mere mention of a Roman Catholic as President of the United States has aroused Lutherans all over the country. Today Rome has reached one of its long-sought goals. It well behooves us to emphasize before our people those cardinal principles which came forth as fruit of the Reformation, on which our government is founded and which have made Lutheranism possible. . . . Rome has not changed and it is her boast that she never changes. To our mind a sound presentation of the subject Lutheranism and Americanism, at this year's Reformation festival will be very timely. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

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On September 6, 1928, Lutheran editors of America in convention at Columbus, Ohio, adopted a resolution declaring

> The peculiar allegiance that a faithful Catholic owes, according to the teaching of his Church, toward a foreign sovereign who also claims supremacy in secular affairs, may clash with the best interests of the country.

The resolution voiced support of the principle of separation of church and state, but urged the editors themselves to take no stand either for Hoover or against Smith. The Association, composed of editors of publications reaching about two million readers, went on record as declaring:

> The claims, teachings and principles of the Roman Catholic Church are antagonistic to and irreconcilable with the fundamental principles set forth in the constitution of our country concerning the separation of church and state, such as the opposition by this Church to the toleration by the state of any religion other than the Roman Catholic, its denial of the right of individual judgment, liberty of conscience and freedom of worship; the claim that the worldly government is in duty bound not only to support and protect exclusively the Roman Catholic Church, but to suppress, if necessary by force, every other religion.

On September 12, 1928, claiming to represent 4,000,000 or more people, the Reverend Deets Pickett, research secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church (North) is quoted in the New York World as saying:

> It does not behoove Governor Smith or any Roman Catholic at this time to say anything to a Methodist about the Church in politics. If the Roman Church is a religious institution and that only, why does its head sit on a throne in a palace, in the midst of fabulous riches, with a crown on his head? Why is it that when you visit him you must get down on your knees in dog-like humility, and kiss the sovereign hand, or, if you are a Christian par excellence, kiss the bare foot of the Holy Father?

On September 16, 1928, a Sunday school in Daytona Beach, Florida, (says the Daytona Times) was reported as acquiescing in a plan whereby the children were handed cards and told to pass them on to their mothers. It is stated that the cards declared:

> We must prevent the election of Alfred E. Smith to the Presidency. If he is chosen President, you will not be allowed to have or read a Bible.

This scheme is reported to have originated in St. Paul, Minnesota, and to have been used in other places.

On September 17, 1928, three days before Governor Smith's Oklahoma speech, a political advertisement appeared in the Boston Herald, endorsing the candidacy of Frank G. Allen for governor, signed by eighteen clergymen of various Protestant denominations, including Episcopalian, Methodist, Unitarian, Universalist, Baptist and Congregationalist. There was the qualification that they were "acting in an individual capacity."

On September 17, 1928, a direct charge that anti-Catholic propaganda against Smith was being distributed in the South with the sanction of an accredited representative of the Republican national committee was made at Forth Smith, Arkansas, by Vincent Miles, Democratic committeeman for Arkansas. He declared a woman investigator entered the office of Colonel H. A. Mann, southern representative for the Republican committee in Washington, and asked for literature. She was sent to a nearby office, Miles said, where she was given pamphlets bearing the head-line, A Vote for Smith Is a Vote for the Pope.

On September 18, 1928, the New York Times special correspondent writing from Richmond, Virginia, said:

> The Ku Klux Klan organ, the Fellowship Forum, is being circulated throughout the state in great quantities, according to supporters of Governor Smith. This weekly has sought for years to arouse enmity to the Catholic Church. Who is paying for the distribution of the Fellowship Forum, reputedly amounting to millions of copies, has not been disclosed.

On September 18, 1928, Charles S. Osborn, former governor of Michigan, addressing a Methodist conference in Sault Ste. Marie, declared Governor Smith could not be a good American and a good Catholic at one and the same time. He is reported as urging American Catholics to secede from the rule of the Pope and to set up instead of that allegiance a self-governed church.

On September 23, 1928, the Reverend Charles F. Potter in a sermon at the Church of the Divine Paternity (New York) said there is a constitutional amendment providing that no man may be barred from the Presidency because of his religion. But there is no provision forbidding persons to vote against a candidate because of his faith. Eligibility and desirability are two different things, he said.

On September 28, 1928, a form letter printed on stationery of the Republican national committee, which declared that women must save the United States from being "Romanized" was made public at Washington by Mrs. Clara Lyon, of Virginia Highland, Arlington County, Virginia. The letter bore the stamped signature of Mrs. Willie W. Caldwell, Republican national committeewoman for Virginia, and was sent to Mrs. Lyon under the impression that she had accepted the vice-chairmanship of the Republican committee for her precinct.

On September 30, 1928, in the Edgefield Baptist Church, Nashville, Tennessee, the Reverend John Moore, pastor, gave among seven reasons "why one should not vote for Al Smith" that "he is a Roman Catholic."

On September 30, 1928, a strong attack on the per-

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sonality of Alfred E. Smith was made by the Reverend C. C. Crawford in the Fourth Christian Church at St. Louis. Reverend Mr. Crawford, in 1924, was an avowed member of the Ku Klux Klan.

On October 3, 1928, radio station WHAP of New York, operated by the Defenders of Truth Society, appealed for funds to continue its attacks on Governor Smith because of his Roman Catholicism. These attacks had been going on the air for weeks past.

On October 4, 1928, without classifying it as an advertisement, the Harlan Daily Enterprise, Harlan, Kentucky, printed a two-column attack on the Democratic candidate over the signature of "A Protestant American," which exhorts the reader:

> Do not let the Roman Tammany Tiger's tail wag the true Democratic donkey. . . . This election should be considered as a battle by the true American Democratic and Republican parties against the forces of Rome. . . .

The article then quotes texts of sermons advertised by Los Angeles Protestant ministers, such as "The Roman Catholic Church and the Assassination of General Obregon"; "Did a Catholic Shoot Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley and Roosevelt?"; "Is the Roman Machine Directly Connected with the Policy of Assassination?"; "May We Expect Assassinations During the Present Political Campaign?"

On October 4, 1928, F. L. Dupont, writing the front-page article in Baptist Progress, Dallas, Texas, after quoting "authentic" figures (which of course are the reverse of authentic) seeking to show that the majority of employees of the Departments of State, Treasury and Justice at Washington are Catholics, continues:

> What in the name of high heaven would they hold if we had a Catholic President? Why, they would grab off the whole melon, including the White House for a papal residence. . . . If Al Smith is elected President of the United States, the Catholics will never rest until they have succeeded in stealing the garments of the Goddess of Liberty and have given them to some nun or Sister of Charity to cut up for dish rags for a Catholic convent! . . . They [Catholics] have stolen God's throne and transplanted it in Rome and they have stolen the crowns of Jesus Christ and put them on the head of an infamous, lecherous Pope. . . and then tell me, that they **can't** steal the United States! Go talk to the marines!

On October 9, 1928, as its leading editorial, the Christian Leader (Cincinnati, Ohio) carried a signed statement by Ira C. Moore from which the following are excerpts:

> The religious issue in this presidential campaign will *not down; and more, it ought not to be put down.* . . . When we voted for Wilson, a Presbyterian, no one voted thereby for an open door through which any religious party could be insidiously introduced into governmental affairs, with a view to getting a strangle hold upon the affairs of state and dictating to all religionists just what they should believe and how they should worship. . . .
>
> The canon law of the Roman Catholic Church, which Catholics hold as being in force today, says: "He who kills one who is excommunicated is no murderer, in the legal sense." How can a patriotic American, saying nothing of one who has embraced New Testament Christianity, contemplate these things and then resolve to use his influence to put such a tyrannical "man of sin" at the head of our government? And especially when we recall that:
>
> A Roman Catholic assassinated President Lincoln.
> A Roman Catholic assassinated President Garfield.
> A Roman Catholic assassinated President McKinley.

(Editor's Note:—These three asseverations have been definitely and authoritatively refuted; every historical record of any authenticity belies them.)

On October 10, 1928, at the nation's capital, the Right Reverend Bishop Charles P. Anderson, in sounding the keynote of the opening service of the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, said:

> Whenever the Church undertakes to fight the world's political and social battles by using the world's weapons, or identifies itself with the world in the hope of producing a glorified human society, the result will inevitably be a loss of morals. . . . Unhappily, the priceless possession of religious liberty, which has been won at great cost, is being threatened in our day. . . .

The Christian Index, "Organ and Property of the Baptists of Georgia," thus fears for popular government:

> Put Alfred E. Smith's church into power and out goes the people's democratic constitution, and with it goes popular representative government; with it go free press, free worship, every Baptist and Protestant church and Masonic lodge closed; with it go the courts of civil law; with it goes our system of American public education; with it go our state and Protestant hospitals; with it goes Bible Christianity; while in comes the ecclesiastical law of popery, an empire of pretended divine right through the arbitrary rule of the priesthood; in comes the lawless, iniquitous liquor traffic at high tide—because Rum, Romanism and Rebellion form the inseparable trio.

Added to this summation of activities of church periodicals and representatives must be considered the great mass of secular periodicals, pamphlets and leaflets, openly and often scurrilously attacking a presidential candidate solely because of his faith—such as the Fellowship Forum and the New Menace, which under ordinary circumstances lead a precarious, hand-to-mouth existence, but are now circulating upward of 600,000 copies weekly, most of them free.

And a part ownership in the Fellowship Forum has been shown to be vested in R. H. Angell, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee for Virginia.

And again: Oliver D. Street, Republican Committeeman for Alabama, admitted sending out 200,000 copies of a circular proclaiming the Catholic Church a "live and vital" issue in the campaign, and declared he would continue to broadcast the circulars.

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CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT IN QUEBEC

By ANDREW R. McMASTER

(As one of the main arguments employed in the mass of anti-Catholic literature flooding the country is that Catholics when elected to office prostitute the public service by favoring their co-religionists and unjustly opposing the interests of all others, and as a number of religious newspapers held up the province of Quebec as a horrible example of what might happen in the United States if Catholics held political power, The Commonweal is glad to publish the following article. Its author, Andrew R. McMaster, K.C., barrister at law of Montreal, is a leading member of the Quebec bar, a former Member of Parliament, and a student of public affairs. He is a Presbyterian.—The Editors.)

DIFFERENCES between sects have ever been a fruitful cause of difficulty in government. A century and a half ago what is now the province of Quebec, with its 60,000 French-speaking Catholics, came under the Crown of Great Britain, a Protestant power. Today, notwithstanding the fact that Protestants largely control finance and industry, the province is yet overwhelmingly Catholic, possibly 80 percent of the population professing that faith. Nowhere in the world is the influence of that Church stronger over the hearts and minds of men, due to the fact that perhaps nowhere in the world is the Church more concerned with the welfare of its flock. Roman Catholicism has never been hurt by being placed in juxtaposition to a strong and vigorous Protestantism.

The province is Catholic. The members of its local government are, with one exception, Roman Catholic. Its representation in the House of Commons and Senate, and in the Cabinet itself, is predominantly Roman Catholic.

Are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness for a Protestant possible in this province?

As a Protestant, born in the province of Quebec, who has lived here for a half-century, I can answer the question strongly in the affirmative. It would not be frank to state that there are never any difficulties between Protestant and Catholic in our province, and that differences in religion, emphasized by differences in tongue, do not cause difficulties in government and in administration. Difficulties springing from these differences are recognized by open-minded men of good-will on both sides, and, of course, needless to say, there are bigots, Protestant and Catholic, who will use these differences for personal and political advantage, but on the whole such differences are almost entirely caused by misunderstandings, and where Catholic and Protestant, French and English, work together, such difficulties tend to disappear almost entirely. "De comprendre tout c'est pardonner tout."

The French-Canadian is a kindly, broad-minded man. He is a devout Catholic, but has never learned, nor been taught, that his Christian duty consists in either despising or hating fellow-Christians who worship at an altar other than his own. If his next-door neighbor is a Protestant it never occurs to him that he should be any the less neighborly because that neighbor happens to make his way to the Presbyterian church when he himself is going to Mass. I do not think that I ever met an English-speaking Protestant who lived surrounded by French-Canadian Catholic neighbors who did not entertain for those neighbors feelings of warm kindness and deep respect. One instance of the attitude of Roman Catholic to Protestant comes to my mind. Years ago, when one of my partners was a young lad, he was acting as a colporteur of religious literature in a remote part of our province, where there were a very few French Protestant families. While there he learned that it was the custom for the parish priest to visit the Protestant families when making his annual pastoral visit, not for the purpose of proselytizing these families, but merely to show his kindly thought and interest in them. The visit of the colporteur had resulted in the children learning some French Protestant hymns, with which they had not up to that time been familiar, and when the curé made his visit the children sang for him one of these Protestant hymns. The tune was one used also in Catholic churches. The curé joined heartily in the singing, and at the close rewarded the young choristers with these words: "A beautiful hymn and beautifully sung."

The Quebec habitant loves the land with a more intense affection than is felt for it by his English-speaking neighbor. This has resulted in farm after farm, formerly occupied by English-speaking Canadians, falling into the hands of their French-speaking fellow-citizens. This transfer is to be regretted, but appears to be inevitable. The lure of the city exercises a greater attraction for the English-speaking countryman than for his French brother. Notwithstanding this fact, I have never heard of any attempt being made by French-speaking Canadians in any way to accelerate this process. When farms are sold there has never been, to my knowledge, any organized attempt to prevent the seller from obtaining a fair price.

It is needless to state that a number of my warmest friends speak the French language and profess the Catholic faith.

Is difficulty found in the political sphere? Has the Protestant a fair chance of political preferment in this province where eight persons out of ten profess the Roman Catholic religion?

I think the difficulty in this province is to get our English-speaking Protestants to take the interest and to seek the elective offices which their Roman Catholic

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French-speaking friends desire that they should contend for. The Protestant in Quebec, a member of a relatively small minority, does not as a rule take the interest in municipal, provincial or federal politics that he should. The claims of professional and business life seem too much to engross him. The difference of language does create a difficulty which English-speaking Protestants must overcome. But the English-speaking Protestant who conquers that difficulty, who learns to address, however imperfectly, his French-speaking fellow-citizens in their own tongue, receives as warm, if not a warmer, welcome than do their own people.

For eight years I had the honor to represent in our House of Commons at Ottawa a bilingual country. The county was at least 35 percent French-speaking and 40 percent Catholic. In my first election my opponent professed the same religion as my own. In my second contest my political opponents, despairing of the election if they ran an English-speaking Protestant against me, sought to detach my French and Catholic supporters by placing in nomination a French Roman Catholic. They were grievously mistaken; my majority on that occasion exceeded my most sanguine hopes. A year or two afterwards I proved not as "regular" a party man as some thought I should have been. I differed with my leaders in the House, and in voting against them declared my intention of placing the facts before my electors, and if they were not satisfied with my conduct, of resigning. I did so in a series of meetings throughout my constituency. The largest and most enthusiastic meeting in my support was held in an almost entirely French part of my constituency. The fact that I was a Protestant weighed not for a moment with those of my Catholic supporters who believed I was right.

During the last generation the outstanding figure in Canadian political life has been Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a French-speaking Roman Catholic. The esteem, veneration and affection with which he was regarded by the Protestants who belonged to his party is proof that he had never allowed his religion to cause him to be other than just and generous to them. And it is to be remembered that when Laurier became Premier of Canada at the general election of 1896, he won not because of the Church of Rome, but in spite of the Church of Rome. In that election the bishops at Quebec undertook not to advise, but to command, the people to vote against Sir Wilfrid Laurier because of his stand on the Manitoba school question. On the Sunday before the day of election, there was read from every Roman Catholic pulpit an order from the bishops that the faithful must vote for the Conservative party and Sir Charles Tupper, and against the Liberals and Wilfrid Laurier. Without the votes of the province of Quebec Wilfrid Laurier could not have come into power, but, devout as the French Roman Catholic was, he resented the attempt at dictation of the bishops. His racial feeling was much stronger than that of obedience to churchmen. He did not believe that in voting for Sir Wilfrid Laurier he would be committing a mortal sin, and he voted accordingly.

I ask myself the question whether racial feeling is not always stronger than sectarian, I will not say religious, feeling. The Great Armada left the shores of Spain freighted with the fervent blessings of the Pope, but that did not prevent the Catholics of England from rallying to the national cause.

In Canada the best of us have learned, and are learning, that as between Catholic and Protestant, French and English, it is our patriotic duty to place in the forefront everything that unites us, and in the background everything that tends to divide; that every race and every religion of which our almost cosmopolitan population is composed has something of value to contribute to the common stock, and that we must make, as we can make, our national differences of race and religion national assets and not national liabilities.

November

She was like chimes in a garden
In late afternoon. . . .
Pulchra, Pulcherrima.
Strike softly, twilight,
With your silver spoon,
The evening star.

The hard crimson berries
Die on the bush. . . .
How the fierce winds blow!
Her little feet crushed them
Fallen on the walk
A month ago

He was like a shining sword
Laid on snow.
Oh, fine slim blade!
How beautiful his hardness
Seemed a month ago,
Unafraid.

He was like a rapier
Sharp and keen.
God, dear God,
How cold a sword feels
When your heart is warm—
Cold. And hard.

Warm, warm red berries
In late afternoon
'Mid golden sheaves.
Warm, warm red blood
On a silver hilt
Among the leaves.

She was like chimes in a garden
In late afternoon. . . .
Pulchra, Pulcherrima.
How dolefully the bells ring
For all poor souls—
Moritura, moritura.

J. Geraldine Payne.

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ART AND THE NORDIC

By FREDERIC THOMPSON

SOME time past we came in an airplane over a Spanish town on an island. The plane, like a gnat in the bell of the tropic sky, had buzzed over the Caribbean through uncharted blue above and below. On the rim of the horizon the island had risen: first, a coral reef crested with palm trees bending in the constant trade wind; then, within the reef, a pale green lagoon; and, beyond the lagoon, mangrove and palm jungle spread in dark unbroken green to a faint purple haze along a spine of mountains in the far distance.

Coasting down the shore, we came upon a rift in the coral key, an outlet from the lagoon. On the mainland in a thinning of the jungle, houses with flat roofs of red tile. As we flew over them, the town below appeared in Lilliputian proportions.

Characteristic of such places, it centered on an open plaza. The houses were arranged in concentric squares spreading to the hills. Main avenues radiated from the plaza. On one side of it was the cathedral; on the other, the government house. The scene was symbolic. Things were as they should be: the church and the state at the centre.

Anchoring our airplane in the green lagoon and making one for some days and nights with the people in the city, we found that life was lived on a plan centering round the square—round the church, the house of God, and the government, the agency of man's dealing with man.

In the tropic night, beneath the sky of deep blue and large stars, in the shadow of the cathedral and the lesser shadow of the government house, the town's people gathered in the plaza. In the centre under sentinel palms, a band played with a rhythm kept by the scraping of a shark's tooth on a fretted gourd. Round the music circled the señoritas, arm in arm, two by two and in groups, their pale faces under their dark hair and mantillas, mysterious, laughing, romantic; round them in a circle moving in the opposite direction, strolled the caballeros, dark men with sensitive faces, laughing, roving eyes, their lips trailing cigarettes with red ends.

The joy of life was given a common outlet there. In the lulls in the music, was heard laughter and chatter, and from the distance the even murmur of the sea and the murmurousness of the trade wind in the palms: night and the stars, a little music and laughter, the sound of the sea and swaying fronds of tall palm trees in the warm breeze.

Walking homeward down dark streets between low houses, one occasionally caught a glimpse through an open door of a patio, the plaza, in a manner, in the heart of the individual home. Cool and dark. A votive light flickering before a statue of the Blessed Mother in the depths of the garden. The fronds of a palm tree etched against the starred sky. Peace. The night unaffronted with harsh artificial light.

There is no need for artificiality. Art is in the open air. One recaptures a well-remembered innocence in which the stars are friendly, the darkness essential and component of the infinite, not ominous but familiar and mysterious.

The sound of a guitar and a man's voice singing in a half-circle of lamp's glow down the street. We cross to the other sidewalk in order not to invade the scene. Courtesy is the currency of intercourse in this country. As we pass the troubadour leaning against the wall by a heavily barred window, we see dimly outlined within the white dress, the white face and large eyes of the señorita.

Now leaving the airplane behind in the lagoon, we took a safe and quiet flight of fancy back to the scene of the serious and enlightened Nordic, as he would be pleased to call himself. His love-making, we remembered, is proudly unrestrained. He does not sing in dark streets through barred windows. His methods follow the tradition of the cave man and exogamous viking, rather than of the romantic and chivalrous. He enjoys the boon of electric light and the blare of jazz and Wagner in crowded rooms. He has his "movie" and his radio, and in higher moments takes his music seriously in solemn rows in an auditorium—perhaps in the manner none too kindly pictured by Rupert Brooke in his verses entitled, Wagner:

> His heavy eyelids droop half-over
> Great pouches swing beneath his eyes.
> He listens, thinks himself the lover,
> Heaves from his stomach wheezy sighs;
> He likes to feel his heart's a-breaking.

As he hears his music, he takes his art, in museums, carefully segregated from life. The plan of his cities is chaos with no centre, unless it be the commercial district.

So be it. His lot is hard, his country arid or frigid. If he is uncouth, it is because of the struggle to live. He has little leisure or little in his environment to suggest that play of his aptitudes called art.

He has the advantage, however, of being hardened by life so that he is a successful despoiler. Since time immemorial he has been the invader of sunnier civilizations. He sacked Rome. He plunders now in the name of commerce. His painting, his architecture, his sculpture, is at best imitative, with the divinely inspired exception of the Gothic. His drama is morbid. His peculiar religion is a protest.

And yet, such generalizations are unjust if we do not allow that we never, or hardly ever, know the life of the individual soul. Considering that we are men, a saint is the perfect work of art. The various branches of art are but perfected fragments of the manifestations of life. The saint is life itself perfected. And saints, catholic, have found even the desert their home this side of paradise.

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COMMUNICATIONS

RELIGIOUS MINORITIES IN SWEDEN

(We thank the Archbishop of Upsala for the following timely letter regarding the assertions in The Commonweal that refer to the hostile ingerence alleged against him by several of our English, Belgian, French and American correspondents. His Grace's authority of statement leaves the charges he disavows in the hands of these critics. We regret any injustice that has been committed in this respect and shall refer the matter to the future consideration of our specialists in Scandinavian affairs.—The Editors.)

Arkebiskopen, Upsala.

TO the Editor:—Someone has sent me The Commonweal, number of July 18, where I read on page 282 the following words: "One cannot but speculate on the processes of mind which have led Archbishop Söderblom of Upsala of the established Lutheran Church of Sweden, Prochancellor of the University of Upsala, to oppose the recent bill for alleviating the lot of Sweden's religious minorities." On the contrary I have now as earlier used my influence in order to procure, for instance, for the Roman Catholic parishes (the number of Roman Catholics in Sweden is about 3,500 on nearly six millions belonging to the Church of Sweden) the right of keeping registers with the same authority as the priests of the Church of Sweden, a right that the Bureau of Statistics has reserved to the priests of the national Church against the pronounced wish of our own ecclesiastical authorities. It is also a mistake that "the government employee loses his place on the civil list unless he secures special permission from the king before resigning his Lutheranism." It is also a complete mistake that Roman Catholics and Jews should not have the "right of graduating from all national and public schools." The most ridiculous mistake lies in the words that I should oppose "so mild a regulation of his powers and income." Those questions have absolutely nothing at all to do with my income or with the income of any bishop or priest in the Church of Sweden. In the same way, it has nothing at all to do with my real or supposed powers. The religious minorities in our country have much more freedom and civil rights than the evangelical minorities in some Roman Catholic countries.

In the hope that you will publish this statement in your review, I am,

NATHAN SÖDERBLOM,
Archbishop of Upsala.

MR. SEDGWICK TO THE PUBLIC

(The following letter, though not addressed to The Commonweal, supplements so well correspondence recently published in these columns that we are most happy to reprint it from the New York Sun.—The Editors.)

Boston, October 18.

TO the Editor of the Sun—Sir: As an editor who during the Smith-Marshall debate chanced to be where religious controversy was thickest, and who before and since that historic episode has had abundant opportunity to observe the relations in this country between church and state, may I be allowed to bear public and admiring testimony to the dignity, the forbearance and the good citizenship of the Roman Catholic clergy in America? I doubt indeed whether our history affords an instance of a large and cohesive body of men who, under the bitterest provocation, have better kept their self-control and self-respect.

What they have felt under a campaign of undeserved aspersion could perhaps not be expressed in words. But in all the welter of open slander and covert sneers I have not noted a single un-Christian retort, a single unworthy reply made by a priest of the Church of Rome.

Let us be just. This church, quite alien to most of us, has taught us a lesson in manners and in morals. It is a commonplace of such reasonable conversation as is still conducted during this campaign that had the Catholic clergy thrown themselves into the hurly-burly after the pattern of their Methodist brothers the republic would have rocked on its foundations. What would good Americans say if some Democratic daughter of Rome were to appeal to Catholic churches to organize as definite political groups and strike a blow for the cause which they believe to be the cause of temperance? Possibly that "Joan of Arc" would have been burned at the stake, and not ill-deservedly.

But it is not the mischievous fanaticism of Mrs. Willebrandt to which I would refer (though to many citizens Mr. Hoover's willingness to profit by her activities injures his otherwise unexceptionable stand) but rather to the vulgar and ignorant abuse given the central Church of Christendom by the unthinking of all classes. These are matters brought home to my personal knowledge. My mail reeks with imbecilities about "Rum and Romanism." It is stated that the Jesuits have bought in secret the magazine which I edit, and I am offered the choice of pleading guilty either to knavery or utter folly. The fine appeal made by Franklin Roosevelt to the sense of public decency is not misplaced.

The ventilation of this festering sore is for the best. To the Americanism preached by Ireland and Gibbons is now added the Americanism practised by Smith. The Catholic Church in America is in the civic sense an American church. Ultramontanism is in this country a lost cause. To the limbo where it belongs, Protestant bigotry must follow. The conduct of the Church, high above reproach in this bad crisis, will not be forgotten.

ELLERY SEDGWICK.

LAW AND LIQUOR IN CANADA

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Permit me, in the interest of historical accuracy, and in justice to a province which has been considerably maligned on this very issue, to suggest a correction of a statement made by the author of Law and Liquor in Canada, in your issue of October 17. In that article the writer states:

"Quebec happens to be unique among the provinces in having never experimented with dry legislation. In the days when all others were climbing on the prohibition band-wagon Quebec stayed wet, and dripping wet remained until 1921, when the Control Law went into effect."

The facts of the case are that Quebec, like the other six provinces in which government control systems have supplanted prohibition, adopted her present law in May, 1921, only when, after serious experimentation with prohibition during the two preceding years, her people were thoroughly convinced of the

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impossibility of securing its enforcement. Bootlegging, illicit stills, drunkenness, increase in crime and disrespect for law flourished in this as in the other provinces during these years immediately prior to the adoption of their Government Control Law.

During the prohibition period in Quebec, "moonshine," "white mule" and other semi-poisonous liquors that appear to be inevitably associated with such systems, were dispensed here as elsewhere in open defiance of law. Police agencies were powerless to control the situation. Louis A. Taschereau, the present Premier of Quebec Province, who assumed office in July, 1920, during the prohibition régime, describes the then prevailing condition as disastrous—"disastrous from the point of view of temperance and disastrous from the point of view of public morals. The province had become the headquarters of a trade at times honest but more often clandestine and baneful."

Statistics of the Recorder's Court of the city of Montreal show that, following the introduction of the prohibition law in 1919, drunkenness, instead of declining as it was hoped, increased very considerably. From figures which I obtained from the court records in Recorder Geffrion's office, the convictions for drunkenness during the two years previous to the introduction of prohibition, i.e., 1917 and 1918, when the old saloon system was still in operation, were respectively 4,338 and 4,336. The following year, during which the prohibition law was introduced, marked an increased to 6,053, while the years 1920 and 1921 show the convictions for drunkenness to have been 7,334 and 7,843.

Following the introduction of the government control system, a marked drop in the number of convictions for drunkenness is recorded: for the year 1922 the number was 4,205, and for 1923 a still greater reduction to 3,829 cases was recorded.

With regard to the general situation under government control in the various provinces of Canada which have renounced the prohibition myth, I may state that, although I coöperated in securing the introduction of prohibition in one of these provinces, more mature consideration of the problem coupled with recent investigations of the working of the system in six Canadian provinces that have renounced prohibition in favor of government control, have thoroughly convinced me that the various provinces of Canada have worked out, in accordance with local temperament and conditions, the most practical, thoroughgoing solution which has yet been achieved by any nation.

The Honorable Louis A. Taschereau, Premier of the Province of Quebec sums up well the situation, stating: "The new law is a success from a moral point of view. Under the old system we had discontent, lawlessness, disregard for authority. Now we have satisfaction, quiet and obedience to authority. Never has a liquor law been respected as well as is the present law. It represents the will of the people—you can have no other law that works."

DONALD A. MACLEAN,
Professor of Social and Legal Ethics,
Catholic University of America.

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I have read only recently a review of Father Edmund Walsh's Fall of the Russian Empire in The Commonweal. Both the book and the review interest me very particularly, for there is hardly anything in current history more completely complicated by contradictory opinions than what happened in Russia both during and after the world war.

The reason is very simple. I know of no American who really knew Russia before the world war. I know of none now who can place exactly all that happened during and after the world war upon the background of Russian history. Various men and women, with various points of view, have given fragments more or less good. None is complete, and an analytical mind will not yet venture to assert that his research is complete.

During my years of residence in Asia in the period preluding the Japanese-Russian War, I, like every other American or European having to do with international politics, tried to understand Russia, and I may say frankly that I was no more completely in the dark than most of the chancelleries of Europe. Years later, I happened to be in Russia during the last days of the emperor's power and through the successive revolutions which consolidated that of the party led by Lenin and Trotzky. My one criticism of Maurice Paléologue's jewel of a book covering a portion of that period is that neither he nor any other foreigner, nor any Russian, knew or could possibly have known the things set down in his diary and since published.

Father Walsh came to Russia new to it all. I have never seen anyone give more meticulous attention to every phase and aspect of everything he has set down in his book than he did during its preparation. It is a masterpiece of painstaking, unprejudiced effort. If there is anything further in your columns concerning it, I shall most assuredly watch it with the greatest interest.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

ESCAPING TO BRITTANY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In The Commonweal for October 24 appears an article, Escaping to Brittany, which speaks of "some lamentable publicity" in connection with D. B. Wyndham Lewis's François Villon.

I think the writer has a good deal of justice on his side. There was some publicity about Mr. Lewis which I should have wished otherwise. Publicity, as you know, is apt to run away with one. At the same time, if you will look at some of the lists of new biographies and autobiographies announced for the fall, you will see that the titles run literally into the hundreds. To get a hearing for a new biography (on a subject which has been dealt with many times) by an unknown author, is a problem which a publisher can only face with grim determination to make the most of the breaks. In this case the author offered a chance for special publicity. We had to take advantage of it. Sometimes it went beyond what we wanted.

But, quite apart from the Literary Guild, we have sold about ten times as many copies as were sold in England, and have hence provided the author with funds for leisure to work on his Louis XI. If we did not make the most of any publicity we could get we should not have sold, in my opinion, one-third of what we did.

The book is first rate. No publicity can alter that fact. The publicity, "lamentable" as it may have been at times, did bring a first-rate book to the notice of many people who would not otherwise have heard of it. Let this be at least a partial justification.

THOMAS R. COWARD.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Olympia

MOLNAR is at it again—trying so hard to be human, cynical, amusing, sophisticated, serious and farcical, all in one package. This time, his failure is quite pronounced, thanks partly to a curious muddling of direction on the part of Gilbert Miller, the producer, who apparently never quite decided what the play was all about, and so emphasized the incongruities of Molnar's writing.

The Hapsburg dynasty in Austria is now on the market as furnishing almost as much free and easy material as a Balkan state, and thus it happens that the Princess Olympia is not a princess of Ruritania or of Graustark, but a lady-in-waiting at old Franz Joseph's court, and the scandal of her possible marriage to a mere captain of Hussars will do something or other to upset the social aspirations of her mother and incur the wrath of the emperor. Wherefore, under her mother's domination, the fair Olympia gives the captain a dressing down, calls him a peasant, and otherwise tries to conceal the fact that she loves him. To get even, the captain makes believe that he is an impostor, and in reality a thief and scoundrel with a long prison record. The careless Olympia having recommended him as riding instructor for a pet niece of the emperor, this places Olympia and her mother in a most distressing position. The captain's revenge is to make Olympia grant him her favors, and then, when the truth comes out, to resist coldly all her pleas for marriage and to march out of her life forever. All of which makes Olympia seem a contemptible snob and the captain an even more contemptible cad, and the play an utterly worthless contrivance to bring about a "delicate" and so-called amusing situation. Laura Hope Crews, as the mother, acts the play for sheer farce and succeeds with her usual skill. Fay Compton, as Olympia, acts her part for romantic tragedy, and succeeds. The others act their parts for varying shades between farce and tragedy, and they all succeed. The trouble is, they don't succeed together. Four or five different moods are on the stage at once, each conflicting with the other. But, after all, what does it matter? The play was born and will perish as cheap claptrap. (At the Empire Theatre.)

The Grey Fox

THERE is plenty of authentic drama to be found in The Grey Fox, by a new playwright named Lemist Esler. His theme is a romantic attachment of Niccolo Machiavelli for Caterina Sforza, and in spite of obvious faults in not making clear the complicated politics of Italy under the Borgias and the Medicis, the play frequently catches fire and projects across the footlights much of the turbulent passion of the renaissance. Messrs. Brady and Wiman have, of course, neglected no opportunity to dress up the production for the box office, and the debauchery of one of Cesare Borgia's banquets is given as much display as the censors are likely to permit. Lust and murder are the dominant notes of the play, and that is possibly why it receives the elaborate production it does—but in spite of all this, there are better qualities in it which deserve recognition on their own account, as a matter of record though not of recommendation.

I am not concerned with the question of whether the story related in this play is a true explanation of Machiavelli. I am concerned only with the story of the play as it stands—the development of a character along twisted and sinister lines through early humiliation. For, as Machiavelli appears in the first scene, he is a young man of ideals, seeking to replace the sneaking and covert diplomacy of his day by outspoken frankness and truth. He meets defeat in his first diplomatic mission at the hands of the Sforza woman, allowing his passion for her to blind him to her schemes until he is forced to return to Florence humbled and disgraced. It is this which embitters him to the point of going far beyond any of his contemporaries in trickery, deceit and murder, until he becomes for his own day as for posterity the symbol of all that is crafty and unscrupulous, the living personification of "the end justifies the means." This is the part of Mr. Esler's play which commands the greatest interest—a study in the psychology of maldevelopment during an age that was fast forgetting God in its rediscovery of paganism. His Machiavelli has but one redeeming trait—loyalty to the interests of Florence. It is this which brings the play to its dramatic climax, when Machiavelli orders the murder of Caterina Sforza as an enemy of Florence, the while his own unreasoning love for her battles for clemency.

The play should really have ended at this point. A last scene which depicts Machiavelli in exile after the return of the Medici is distinctly anticlimax. Moreover, it sheds over what might have been a stern and uncompromising study of character the pale glimmer of sentimentality. It makes him appear more sinned against than sinning—quite slushing over the fact that other and finer characters can accept early humiliation and defeat without becoming embittered monsters. It is curious how few people realize that explanation is not the same thing as excuse. The author has certainly explained in ample detail the change in Machiavelli; but if one accepts the sentimental last scene at its face value, Mr. Esler apparently thinks he has excused his hero as well.

What most distinguishes the present production, and happily detracts attention from many of its grosser details, is the superb acting of Henry Hull as Machiavelli—superb, at least, after the first two scenes. The crafty vindictiveness of the later scenes reveals a new side of Henry Hull's acting powers and sets him many notches higher among our outstanding performers. In the earlier scenes he is almost inaudible, and decidedly overdoes the calf-like qualities of the young statesman. Chrystal Herne's performance as Caterina is a rather mixed one, declining in interest and freshness as the play progresses. The rest of the cast is little more than adequate, with the single exception of Edward Arnold, who gives a master portrait of Cesare Borgia, suggesting, somehow, an Italian Henry VIII. Jo Mielziner's scenic designs are a delight to the eye. Many of the awkward spots are due to the introduction of modern colloquial dialogue in such a way as completely to break the illusion of antique atmosphere. (At the Playhouse.)

Exceeding Small

THE seventh season of the Actors' Theatre opens with another play by a new playwright—Caroline Francke. In many respects it is far, far above the general run of rubbish with which we have been surfeited lately. The dialogue runs crisp and true and human. The characterization is excellent until the last scene, and many of the scenes, as brought to life

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by Rachel Crothers's intelligent direction, achieve a rare poignancy. In general setting and subject matter, it has much in common with that well-remembered play of Patrick Kearney's called A Man's Man. That is, it deals with the marriage of a boy and girl with no resources, who must face life in its most relentless terms. The trouble is that they do not face it with the least spiritual illumination. Taking her precepts of judgment from Ibsen and the early plays of O'Neill, Miss Francke has her boy and girl wilt before the first onslaught of serious trial, and end their lives by suicide rather than face the ultimate separation threatened by the boy's attack of a fatal form of heart disease. Some people grow under suffering. Others shrivel. And it is unfortunate that Miss Francke has so drawn her characters in the earlier scenes that you expect them to show courage and the power of enlargement even when faced by tragedy. You are not so much depressed by the tragedy of the ending as you are disappointed in characters you have come to love. You go away feeling that Miss Francke has dwarfed her own characters deliberately through inability to find any other solution for them than tragic evasion of the issue.

To make it clearer, let me put the problem this way: a great playwright (Ibsen, for example) when setting out to write a tragedy, gives you from the first certain inklings of character which make the stern march of events logical and almost foreordained. Thus, in Hedda Gabler, a selfish woman seeking happiness only in freedom from any human domination, quite logically commits suicide when she finds herself hopelessly in the power of a malignant man. She begins and ends as a person of small courage and no spiritual insight. But in Miss Francke's play, there is no logical connection between the brave little kids of the first act and the frightened weaklings of the third. Nor—and this, too, is important—is there any connection between the problem they come up against and any previous actions or motives of their own. You may, if you want, call it a "slice of life" and assert with perfect truth that such things do happen. Trials and tragedies come to the apparently innocent. But such happenings are not dramatic, in the sense of linking up cause and effect. On the stage, they seem merely fortuitous. The only dramatic value you can extract from them is the change or development they bring about in the characters of the story or play. The boy and girl of this play marry, as they have a right to do, in the full knowledge that they may face poverty. But what actually happens to them has nothing to do with poverty. The boy develops fatal heart trouble from the physical overstrain of his work; that is true. But a rich man's son might as easily have developed the same illness from too much football or rowing. And there is no hint, even, that with medical attention the boy's life could be prolonged indefinitely. He might have two or three years instead of a few days or months. But the end would have been the same. Therefore, the play is not really about the tragedy of love in poverty. The poverty is almost an accidental factor. The real problem of the play is this: when two people who love each other face inevitable separation through the death of one, shall they commit suicide rather than endure separation? I don't think Miss Francke's boy and girl, as she has so tenderly developed them, would say yes. In other words, given certain premises of character, I do not believe the conclusion. And, in spite of most exceptional acting by Ruth Easton and Eric Dressler as the boy and girl, and by Kenneth Dana and Kathleen Lowry as two of their friends, and in spite of incomparably lovely bits of playwriting, I resent the ending as an unilluminated betrayal by an author of two intensely human children of her own brain. (At the Comedy Theatre.)

BOOKS

The Wickedness of Empires

We Fight for Oil, by Ludwell Denny. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

The White Man's Dilemma: Climax of the Age of Imperialism, by Nathaniel Peffer. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

MR. DENNY has shown imperialism in action in one of its most dramatic phases, that is in the world-wide struggle over mineral oil resources between the great powers whose industrial and military destiny depends to a large extent upon securing a liberal supply of the liquid gold. Mr. Peffer's study is wider in its aim, as he deals with fundamental currents and economic and political backgrounds of imperialism, more than with the technicalities of specific problems. Both books, however, come under the same classification: the wickedness of empires.

Obviously Mr. Denny's original intention was to discuss the larger Anglo-American conflict in all its phases. But then he decided to limit this volume to the oil problem, reserving the other topics for a later occasion. As a matter of fact he points out that the "oil war" is not important in itself, and is significant only as a part of the larger struggle for world mastery between two economic empires, which are built on sea supremacy, foreign markets and control of raw materials. The picture he unfolds is, however, truly amazing in all its aspects. Much has been written on the rivalries between the powers over concessions to the Bagdad and Mosul oil fields, on the diplomatic conflicts Mexico was drawn into through her desire to maintain control over the mineral supplies of the country, on the Anglo-American competition over Russian oil and the imminent danger of an oil shortage in the United States, so intimately connected with these foreign problems. But never before, it seems, have the facts been presented in such a dramatic way, so logically explained under a common denominator and brought to a head in the theory of a basic conflict between American and British interests. Mr. Denny points out that in the future the United States must depend increasingly upon foreign petroleum sources for essential commercial and military-naval supplies, and he sees in the struggle between American and British companies over the limited reserves that were left over after the acquisition by Great Britain of the major fields of the world a determining weapon in the rivalry of the two countries for commercial and naval supremacy.

For the first time Mr. Denny reveals the details of a British attempt to gain a stronghold in the immediate neighborhood of the Panama Canal. With ample documentary evidence, carried up to the latest developments, he shows how a British government oil company is endeavoring to obtain from the government of Columbia a concession of territory dominating the Panama Canal approaches and providing for the construction of a new inter-oceanic canal, which would obviously constitute a serious menace of the preëminent strategic outpost in the American defensive system. He shares the alarming view of certain American military men that the Washington naval treaty will be scrapped and that "war between Great Britain and the United States is possible, is probable—unless the two empires seek through mutual sacrifice to reconcile their many conflicting interests." Such a reconciliation, however, Mr. Denny says, would be a miracle.

In view of such catastrophic predictions it seems well justified to characterize the expansion of modern empires as the

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"white man's dilemma." Mr. Peffer is no less competent an observer than Mr. Denny, but he is not inclined to accept cold facts with quite the same degree of fatalism. There is a queer contrast in his very capable book. The author starts from fixed premises and he finds himself compelled to apply these premises through all of his chapters. But the facts he so ably exposes, with a stupendous array of information, contradict his premises. He admits that "men in the mass are never rational, and seldom so individually." Still, he applies a very high rational standard in sizing up the imperialistic policy of the great powers. After all it does not seem fair to consider the encroachments of the "white" powers upon foreign rights and territories as exclusively motivated by predatory interests. Mr. Peffer does not profess to be a philosopher. He is after the facts, as he sees them. But he fails to interpret the currents which he has set out to describe. He refuses to give heed to "metaphysical subtleties." Yet he seems unable to explain his phenomenon. More than a system, imperialism appears to be a historic process, which by its nature, affecting a wide area and cutting deep into the traditions of centuries, makes for convulsions and upsets. That violence should enter its wake is highly deplorable, but also seemingly unavoidable. Mr. Peffer finds that "from the point of view of practical politics, imperialism admits no compromise." Nevertheless he is prejudiced against the conquering powers and sees crookedness and atrocities as the principal results of their expansion in far-off lands. Then again he concedes that, "given the premise of empire, the philosophy of force is unimpeachable." But he challenges the motives of the powers and doubts the sincerity of their claim that with economic expansion human civilization is being promoted. On the other side he admits that the ideas of nationalism and democracy have spread out all over the world, following the trail of imperialistic conquest, and have instilled a desire for progress among the backward peoples for which the incentive otherwise may have been lacking. Why not recognize the acquisitive instincts in human nature, which the author says "move us more than any other," to the fullest extent and build up a theory of imperialism on such a natural premise? One can be in sympathy with many of the points made by Mr. Peffer and still be unable to understand why he insists on seeing the dark sides only, depicting colonial expansion as the business of greedy, intriguing money-chasers who, for the lust of material conquest, turn all moral principles upside down and keep the helpless downtrodden in satanic subjection.

The book is a magnificent challenge to clear thinking about the fundamentals of world politics of today. But it is doubtful whether we have reached the stage as yet where a balance of achievements and failures can be drawn. Mr. Denny's exposition of the oil problem shows that imperialism has probably not reached its climax for the time being. Deplorable as the by-products of colonial expansion might be, stages of transition are inevitable. It is the old struggle for the survival of the fittest which, at the end, makes the tone of the music. To quote the author once more: "The cross-roads of the earth are more likely to be centres of conflict, breeding-grounds of dissension, suspicion, mutual misunderstanding and dislike." The world we live in is a transitory stage to a fulfilment which is intrinsically beyond the command of man. It is, after all, not made of alternatives, but of twofold contrapositions. In most cases it is not a question of one thing or the other, but of one thing and the other, too. So that the white man's dilemma is, in the last analysis, one that affects all his plights. And imperialism is only one of them.

MAX JORDAN.

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The Genesis of the Liar

Studies in Deceit, by Hugh Hartshorne and Mark A. May. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

TO EXPLORE the human soul or its manifestations in character is not an easy matter, especially if the object of the investigation is not something positive but negative: deceit which is the absence of truthfulness. This accounts for the formidable array of tests that were applied in this study made by the Character Education Inquiry of Columbia University in coöperation with the Institute of Social and Religious Research. The book is highly technical and would most probably not have found consideration in these pages were it not for the fact that its conclusions will be widely quoted in educational, religious and social works that will reach a large number of readers. Moreover, it is the first volume of a series of Studies in the Nature of Character.

The object of the study is to find the frequency of deceit and the causes or situations that bring it about with a view of discovering practical and effective remedies. As was to be expected, very few definite conclusions have been reached. They may be summarized as follows:

Sex, physical conditions, religious affiliations, school grades and membership in character-training organizations have practically no relation to deception.

Age, intelligence, socio-economic and cultural backgrounds, home conditions, friendships, school achievements, deportment, movies, teachers' influence and Sunday schools have a more or less definite relation to dishonesty.

The authors labored under the great difficulty that the questionnaires, notwithstanding their excellent arrangement, did not always bring reliable answers. Moreover, preconceived views of investigators may influence their research greatly. Students, who do not hold that man ascended from a low degree of culture to the civilization of today and do not concede that the whole psychical life is but a mechanical process and the result of a fight between the ego and the libido, may arrive at different conclusions. Also those who firmly believe that man was created in a high state of perfection and that the present moral disorders are consequences of original sin, will offer different explanations. We are dealing with beings who possess a free will and whose doings do not depend on situations exclusively.

To quote: "Deception is a natural mode of adjustment having in itself no 'moral' significance." The remedy suggested is that those who are responsible for the behavior of youth should remove all such situations that elicit adjustment by deceit. As to how this can be done, different means are suggested. Of course, unless deceit is taken out of the realm of morality, it could not well form the object of mechanical research. But is this possible?

Most of the remedies advised tend toward the removal of temptations. But, those who are, like Christ, little concerned about the removal of the temptations will exert themselves to strengthen souls by grace to make them able to face situations and fight the battle. After all, it is the use or abuse of actual grace that results in virtue or vice—honesty or deceit.

Regarding the influence of religion, the authors conclude: "The differences are not large enough to warrant our regarding membership in one or the other religious group as a handicap in the matter of honest behavior." This is a novel statement.

The influence of recreational character-training agencies is stated as follows: "We can only conclude that in these places

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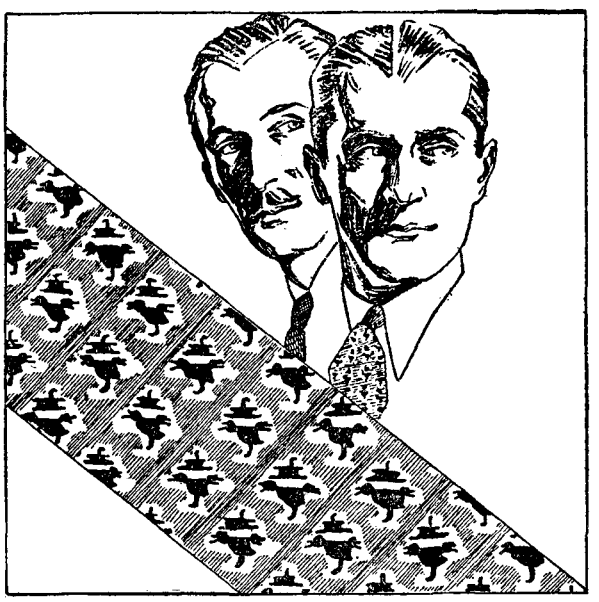

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(where tests were given) this widely used agency for moral education . . . is either neutral or deleterious with regard to one of its major aims, the teaching of honesty." This conclusion was arrived at by the reviewer several years ago, although he based his conclusions on different findings.

The following will elicit the approval of many: "When the idea of God is brought in, all the religious groups became significantly more honest than those who have no religious instruction." It ought to encourage the bringing back of God and religion into education and social work. This would be a happy aftermath of this excursion into the "mystery of sin."

In the study of parental influence upon deceit, the Mendelian law of heredity has seemingly not been considered.

The authors think that the churches will derive great benefits from their study. "Hundreds of millions of dollars are probably spent annually by churches, schools and other organizations for children and youth with almost no check on the product—a negligence of which no modern industry would be guilty." It is hard to see how spiritual results could be checked up against material outlay. Although Catholic students will be anxious to acquaint themselves with the contents of the volume under review, they will justly hold that psychology and allied sciences can learn much from the Church. It is true, her teachings in this field have not as yet been systematically arranged, they are nevertheless found in principle and application in her institutions, writings, decisions and processes of canonization. Great ecclesiastical writers, teachers and fine psychologists like Augustine, Fénelon, Overberg and many others whose names are not found in the extensive bibliography would not have been perplexed if they found that notwithstanding the fact that all circumstances and situations were favorable to deceit, nevertheless no deception took place.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

Sawing off the Branch

Man and Civilization, by John Storck. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

THIS "inquiry into the bases of contemporary life" was designed as a text-book for the course in Contemporary Civilization at Columbia College, and is now offered to a wider audience. It attempts to summarize the results which psychology, anthropology and sociology have achieved during the present century; to paint a picture of the world as it appears to an up-to-date devotee of those sciences.

A vast amount of information is packed into these pages: they tell the reader how his nervous system works, how his childhood experiences determine much of his future, where many of his ideas come from, why and how his emotions are aroused, how language grew and what purposes it now serves, how tools were invented and machinery developed, how the family functioned in primitive societies and how it functions today. The spirit and methods of science, the nature of art and religion—all the activities that make up our civilization, are here examined and rationally explained.

The scope of the book is thus rather broad, but its necessarily sweeping generalities are supported by a great deal of detailed evidence. Those who crave further facts are provided with very generous bibliographies.

All this is expected to lead the reader to "a better understanding of contemporary life and its problems." In a superficial sense, at least, this object is achieved. Every chapter opens new vistas, presents new avenues of investigation, to the

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person who has perhaps fallen slightly behind the swift advance-guard of certain sciences.

But the book may nevertheless be slightly puzzling to the simple type of mind that looks for consistency. Its keynote seems to be rationality; it seems to offer scientific fact and valid logic as inspiration toward a reasonable life. It reasons things out. And yet it specifically discredits reason. Again and again we find statements such as the following: "The tendency to reason things out is but one impulse among many in the human being; and its rôle in determining the contours of our lives both is and should be a relatively minor one." "It is by no means desirable that more than a small part of our life processes should ever be brought to full consciousness. Natural and healthy activity takes many things for granted, and is not continually turning in on itself to feel its pulse and see if the wheels are still going round."

Such use of logic in order to discredit logic is fatal for the writer who expects his big book (showing how the wheels go round, and how stupid it is to take things for granted) to lead anyone to a better understanding of life. If he convinces his reader that understanding is of little importance, then he also convinces him that this book is of little importance.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

Rich Completeness

The Book of Poetry; selected and annotated by Edwin Markham. New York: William H. Wise and Company.

THE prophecy may be advanced that, on the old bookshelves of some fifty years hence, the volumes collected by Edwin Markham under the title of The Book of Poetry will be found as worn and well thumbed as is the collection of old William Cullen Bryant today. For there is a universality about Markham's anthology, a comprehensiveness and diversity that must gain for it a larger audience than usually greets poetic garlands and catechisms from more mincing collectors.

It is well that Markham, our poet Lochinvar, comes from the Pacific coast: in the matter of American poetry he thus escapes the inevitable rivalries of our scattered regions: he can turn his back safely upon China and observe our continent and its poetical product in a straight line toward the Atlantic. There is no suspicion of his loyalty to and appreciation of pioneer bards and Rocky Mountain seers: indeed, his own mood carries with it colors of the abalone and unmelted nuggets of his golden state. He is respectful to our older singers, in the face of youthful impudence and rag-a-muffin shindies: he is deferential to religious poets as is to be expected from an ex-preacher of the Gospels, for, if the tone of the revivalist is heard in his psalmody, he is not altogether blind to the richness of other cults and harmonies from beyond the seas.

His collection of American poets is as complete as the poetry societies of which he himself has so long been the darling patron. If a friend or compeer has been omitted, Markham himself will be the most aggrieved by the accident.

In his chapter on Voices Out of the Early Mist, Markham turns to the English poets, with an evidently strong gusto for the earlier bards: Chaucer is plentifully represented; Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Coleridge, Byron and Shelley are given adequate space.

In his second volume, Markham is generous to Keats, Tennyson, the Brownings, Matthew Arnold, the Rossettis, Swinburne, Francis Thompson and Kipling, with a briefer quoting of Chesterton and Alfred Noyes.

When he comes to English translations, the vastness of his

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field is hardly so well considered, indeed, to select from foreign literature at large, would seem to call for greater catholicity than Markham for all his breadth generally shows in his work: selections from Homer, Sappho, Sophocles, Dante, Villon, Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, Heine, Goethe, Calderon, hardly represent properly the literatures of their different tongues. Markham completes his cosmopolitan tour with a bird's-eye vista of China, Japan, Ireland and South America as if in a rather casual afterthought: this part of his work is not satisfactory.

Altogether we have in The Book of Poetry a splendid achievement in the presentation of American and English poetry, selected by a master hand, with a true critical instinct and a loving conception of his task, which will make this anthology for a long time to come, the leading and most valuable collection of English poetry that is readily available to lovers of poetry.

THOMAS WALSH.

Fact and Theory

Our Prehistoric Ancestors, by H. F. Cleland. New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. $5.00.

THE steady stream of books on prehistoric man which issues from the press proves the interest felt in the subject by the reading public. In many ways the book under review is admirably suited to inform that public for it is copiously and excellently illustrated and well written. Moreover it gives proper importance to the Neolithic age which some writers seem to think a dull epoch, though actually the roots of our modern civilization are to be discerned in it. Further the story is carried down beyond the bronze age, where some books leave it, to the end of the La Tène period, i. e., to the conquest of Gaul by Caesar when modern history commences. It is hardly necessary to say that those who would understand the beauty and greatness of Celtic art must seek its origins in the period just mentioned.

As in nearly all the books on this topic which come into one's hands for review there are, however, certain matters which should, we think, have been treated less as ascertained fact than as theory. For example it seems rather curious to find the gorilla and the chimpanzee set down as "man's nearest living relatives," and the statement backed up by the well-known genealogical table in the American Museum of Natural History, without any suggestion that the distinguished president of that institution has recently (as was noted at the time in these columns) told the world that the simian origin of man's body is a notion which must be completely abandoned. He may be wrong—many think so—but where there is such difference of opinion the reader should surely be told about it. Again, though in places it is hinted that the geological dates are merely surmises, we think that it might well have been made clear that, as Sollas has very properly laid down, outside the De Geers calculation of 7,000 to 9,000 years for the end of the Paleolithic age in northern Europe there is no safe chronology of the prehistoric age. Oddly enough this particular observation seems to have eluded the author and is the only serious omission which we have noticed.

There is a great tendency in such books to push dates back. Most critics consider, for example, that Punpelly's date of 9,000 B. C. for the Anau remains is quite an exaggerated figure, and, so far from thinking that America may have been populated for many thousand years, Professor Hrdlička, by far the best living authority on the subject, has quite recently stated that in his opinion man has probably not been more than five thousand years in occupation of this hemisphere.

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Is This Americanism?

The following are excerpts from anti-Catholic literature being circulated throughout the country in the guise of propaganda:

"To murder Protestants and Destroy the American government is the Oath Sworn to by all Roman Catholics. . . ."

"I will wage relentless war against all heretics, Protestants and Masons. . . . I will spare neither age, sex nor condition. I will burn, hang, waste, boil, flay, strangle and bury alive these heretics. . . ." — Bogus oath attributed to Catholics.

"Catholics believe all Protestant marriages illegal, and hence Protestant wives are not really married and their children are illegitimate."

"Let every American Catholic realize he is better than his priest or Woman of the Seven Hills. . . ."

"Popery in the great cities controls American politics."

Get the Facts—Know the Truth

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES SAYS: "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States."—(Article VI.)

WASHINGTON SAID: 'We have abundant reason to rejoice that in this land every person may worship God according to the dictates of his own heart. In this land of equal liberty it is our boast that a man's religious tenets will not forfeit the protection of the laws nor deprive him of the right of attaining the highest offices."

LINCOLN SAID: "As a nation we began by declaring that 'all men are created equal' . . . When the Know-Nothings get control it (the Declaration of Independence) will read 'All men are created equal except negroes, foreigners and Catholics.' When it comes to this I should prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty."

ROOSEVELT SAID: "Any political movement directed against any body of our fellow citizens because of their religious creed is a grave offense against American principles and American institutions."

BRYAN SAID: "Those who have come into intimate acquaintance with representative Catholics did not need to be informed that they do not concede to the Church authorities the right to direct their course in political matters, but many Protestants, lacking this knowledge which comes with personal acquaintance, have been misled."

Many sections of our country, particularly where there are few Catholics, are being flooded with millions upon millions of pieces of literature of the type quoted above. Augmented by radio, pulpit and rostrum, the growing momentum of these outbursts of intolerance has brought about a crisis, gravely endangering the unity, the peace, the prosperity of the Nation.

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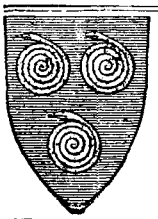
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Finally we cannot but think that far too much stress has been laid upon the theories of Elliot Smith and Perry as to the rôle of Egypt and other of their heliolithic ideas. We do not think that ethnologists generally hold these notions in very high esteem. These criticisms are set down as suggestions for a new edition and if the corrections were made, would supply the general reader with a wholly admirable manual.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

The Lady from Baltimore

The Golden Bees, by Daniel Henderson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

CURIOUSLY enough, Napoleon's colossal ambition was shared and approved by the one whose every hope it thwarted—beautiful and brilliant Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore. In Napoleon's scheme to build a dynasty and to set members of his family upon the thrones of Europe, there was no place for the American wife of his gay younger brother, Jerome. Yet it was Napoleon, whose ruthlessness balked her in her life's ambition, whom Betsy Patterson respected and fiercely championed; it was her husband, Jerome, who abandoned her at the emperor's bidding, whom she scorned.

The Golden Bees is the entertaining story of this Elizabeth Patterson, of her life-long endeavor to induce Napoleon to recognize her marriage and, that failing, of her unremitting efforts to place her son, Jerome Napoleon, and in turn her grandson, Jerome, upon a throne. Even as a young girl, Elizabeth Patterson showed a distaste for the provincial life of America and a preference for the sophisticated circles of Europe. "I was born for court life," she declared to her father, who foresaw in her marriage, only disaster. "Jerome will make me a queen." Headstrong and wilful, calculating and ambitious, she was adamant to the advice of friends. A kingdom was worth gambling for. She had no fear her beauty and wit would fail to win Napoleon. But the mind that conquered kings had no weakness to overtures and entreaties. He intended his brother to play a part in the Bonaparte destiny, and it was not as the husband of Elizabeth Patterson.

Through the book flash pictures of French, English and American life, brilliant and vivid. The Duke of Wellington, Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Pauline Bonaparte, Thomas Jefferson, Maria Walewska, as they cross and recross the path of Madame Bonaparte, are more than names. As Eugene Didier reminds us, the name of Elizabeth Patterson belongs to history as well as to romance. "There was about her the brilliance of courts and palaces, the enchantment of a love story, the suffering of a victim of despotic powers."

MONICA D. RYAN.

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